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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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A SUMMER SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY.—A PERSECUTED DOG ON A LEADING AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 247.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

Mr. B. L. Furjeon has finished a serial story entitled

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

which will soon be published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We may say, that of all of Mr. Furjeon's stories, this new one is the best.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

IF there be anything in this world of which a newspaper-man may, without discredit, confess that it is "one of those things which no fellow can find out," it is the probable result of Congressional action on the finances. As we write, the Report of the Conference Committee is before the Senate, and has already originated one of those debates of which we have had such terrible examples this session, and to which no cautious prophet would dare to set a limit. The Conference Committee consists of the "Statesman of the Pine Woods," Mr. Merrimon, the plausible and audacious Morton, and the very accommodating Sherman, and on the part of the House of the inquiring Maynard, Farwell, of Illinois—a nobody and a "moderate," and Heister Clymer, of Pennsylvania, a rampant Democrat, and a hard hard-money man. With these gentlemen we need scarcely say that the principles laid down in the President's "Memorandum" are not in favor. Even Mr. Sherman, who is at heart earnestly desirous of reaching specie payments, has so long occupied himself with determining how to meet the demands of rabid inflationists, that sound doctrines have a sort of strange and alien look to him. The Bill which the Conference Committee have given birth to is at every point the opposite of what the President would seem to suggest. General Grant favors an immediate movement towards specie payments. The Committee favor only a remote and conditional approach to that end. General Grant thinks no time more auspicious than the present. The Committee prefer three and a half years from now. General Grant would deprive all paper of its "money" character. The Committee would authorize the issue of several millions of national bank notes which in all transactions between the banks and in all payments by and to the Government have the same "legal tender" quality as the Government notes. The President would take some active measures to increase the revenue in order to accumulate gold. The Committee, on the contrary, will not even provide for meeting the sinking bond from the revenues, but authorize, in case there is a deficiency in that direction, an issue of bonds. We hope the country's creditors will see how vastly the country's credit is strengthened by this operation. What could be more business-like than to borrow money and lay it up to pay our debts with?

The whole Bill of the Committee, looked at from the standpoint of the needs of the country, is puerile. Looked at from the standpoint of the possibilities, it is not so bad but that the President may sign it. This is what he hints at in his Memorandum, where he speaks of the "spirit of concession and compromise." Such an expression accords but poorly with the remainder of the Memorandum, which avows principles that cannot be compromised. When General Grant says that "the worse currency will drive out the better," it is as if he said that the earth moved around the sun. Could this latter statement, "in the spirit of concession and compromise," be modified to mean, for instance, that the earth moves around the sun, and the sun revolves about the moon? Such a modification would be just as sensible as any "compromise" proposed as to the currency. As long as the President believes that the worse currency will drive out the better—as it will, beyond all question—we cannot expect to reach a good currency except by withdrawing the bad. This the Bill of the Committee does not really do, though it pretends to. It replaces a very bad currency, viz., Government notes, by one not quite so bad, viz., the notes of the national banks. But that is all it does.

It would seem, therefore, that if the President is logical he will veto the Conference Committee's Bill, if it should be passed. But then the President is under no necessity of being logical. His recent Memorandum has been compared to one of Bonaparte's bulletins. So, in some respects, it was. Short and sharp, and very positive, if it had been the expression of a mind as acute and energetic, and of motives as deep-seated as those of the first Napoleon, we might expect a financial war with the inflationists that would have its

Austerlitz, and would be abandoned for nothing less than a Waterloo. But the President's financial views sit too lightly on him, we fear, to lead to any very long or brilliant struggle for their establishment. If it were not so, if General Grant had made up his mind to go for a sound currency as he went for Vicksburg, abandoning everything but his weapons, he would win now as he won in 1863. While we shall hope that this will ultimately take place, we shall not expect it with absolute confidence.

THE CABINET.

RECENT criticisms of the political ability of ex-Secretary Richardson and of Attorney-General Williams have caused many writers to suggest that the officers of the Cabinet should hold their positions by a tenure similar to that which controls the English Ministry. And in the discussions there has seemed to be a desire to praise the English system and to disparage our own. It is said that in America a Cabinet officer is subject to the whims of the President, while in England he is sensitive to public opinion, and may resign at any moment when the people's voice is opposed to him. Under the English system, it is claimed, an obnoxious Minister may easily be got rid of, while in America a President may or may not obey public opinion, "as expressed in the public journals."

"The English Ministry," says Macaulay, "is a committee of the leading members of the two houses. It is nominated by the Crown; but it consists exclusively of statesmen whose opinions on the pressing questions of the time agree in the main with the opinions of a majority of the House of Commons." In England, therefore, a majority of the lower house of Parliament absolutely determines the policy of Government, executes the measures of policy, and appoints officers of department for the administration of public affairs. The moment a member becomes a Minister he resigns his seat, and submits himself to his local constituents for re-election, as a sign of confidence. A Minister is a Member of Parliament, and usually of the House of Commons. The opinions of the majority and the opinions of the Minister agree. One of the Ministers has the administration of the finances, another of foreign affairs, another of colonial affairs, and so on. Of the Ministers a certain number compose the Cabinet; but it is only on very important occasions that this body advises with the Queen. The Cabinet, therefore, has a way of making the Queen feel that she is not merely an hereditary figure-head, but that she does something towards earning her money. So that it makes very little difference to England whether its Queen is a dumpy little nobody or its King a lunatic. The Government of England is really less complex than that of the United States. Many measures originate with the Ministry, are debated by the Ministry, and when they become laws are duly enforced. The Ministry is responsible for the good government of the country. When a Ministry discovers that it no longer has the support of a majority in the House of Commons for the consideration and passage of its measures, its members resign their several departments, and the Queen, ascertaining which party is in the ascendancy, deposes one of its prominent members to form a new Ministry. The Premier, or leading Minister, is really the same as a President, a Cabinet officer, a Secretary, and the leader of a party in Congress. The other Ministers are as Cabinet officers, Secretaries, and chairmen of committees in Congress.

No such system can prevail in the United States. The President has more power than the Queen. The Senate has less power than the House of Commons. The President is responsible to the people, whose representatives in Congress may impeach him for treason, bribery or high crimes and misdemeanors; but the sole power to try the impeachment belongs to the States through their representatives in the Senate, with the Chief-Justice presiding. The President cannot technically originate measures; he can only recommend them. It requires two-thirds of the members of both houses to compel him to allow a measure to become a law. But he has no option with established laws. He is purely an executive officer of the Government; and he cannot even appoint his own subordinate executive officers without the consent of the States, that is, of the Senate. By an unreasonable decision of the first Congress, he may remove from office without the consent of the Senate, but by a consequent absurdity the Senate may, by refusing to confirm a nominee for a vacant office, leave a department of the Government without a head. The Senate cannot compel the removal of a Cabinet or other executive officer, and although it is responsible for his assuming power, only the President is responsible for his maintaining it. The Senate is responsible for the quality of a Cabinet officer, and the President is responsible for his particular actions. True, Congress may pass laws which an executive officer must execute. If two-thirds of the members of both houses pass a law for inflating the currency, neither the President nor Secretary Bristow has any option in executing it.

One sees how great responsibility devolves upon the Senate, and how complex and dangerous our republican laws are. An obstinate Senate and an obstinate President may temporarily impede the proper execution of the

laws. The Senate may keep in office all the officers of a former administration; but it cannot prevent or compel the removal of an officer of any administration. The Republican Senate was responsible for the quality of Mr. Richardson, while President Grant was responsible for his execution of the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury. To be sure, the Senate's responsibility consists only in confirming or rejecting a President's candidate. The President alone can nominate. It is the peculiar exercise of the power of nominating for which President Grant has been criticised. His belief seems to be, and not without some reason, that as he is responsible to the country for the execution of all the laws, he should have his choice of officers for executing them. That is, he assumes all responsibility for his subordinates, and their actions must be criticised as his actions. No matter how unpopular or small a department officer may be, the people have for four years no choice about him. If they desire great men, they must elect them to Congress; but they cannot place them in the Cabinet. If Secretary Fish settles the Cuban troubles diplomatically, and without satisfying public curiosity, the President must take praise or blame. If Secretary Richardson failed, it was because the President failed. If Secretary Belknap efficiently maintains the army, as he well does, the President succeeds in his execution of the army policy. No public opinion, no action of the House of Representatives, can make or unmake a Cabinet officer; but Senate and House may determine the laws under which he shall act; and the people, the hero-worshippers, the great majority who follow the example of the earliest men who chose their largest one to rule over them, may now be discounting the glory of the man who maintains Cabinet officers against popular opinion, "as expressed in the public journals." Let us, however, remember to ask by what science or art or instinct a President may know whether or not that which is written in a "public journal" is really popular opinion.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

MEN and newspapers are now discussing political prospects and opportunities in preference to current measures of government. The times are hazy, and men in a fog always speculate. In the next month the political problem will take more practical shape, and we shall be in the midst of a hot and turbulent campaign. The two Independent parties of Indiana and Illinois have already met and nominated candidates for State offices. What the farmers of the West propose to contend for is now evident. They desire free trade, a repeal of existing banking laws, and a currency issued by the Government and exchangeable at the option of the holder for Government bonds which shall bear as low a rate of interest as about three and a half per cent. Their resolutions concerning railroads are essentially conservative; but they determine to facilitate all means for transporting the produce of the West to the seaboard. The policy of the farmers, whereupon their opponents may make issue, bases the currency upon the natural productions of the country, and prescribes a national bond for which moneyed men cannot obtain high rates of interest.

As the farmers also declare in favor of one term for the Presidency, thus practically opposing General Grant as a prospective candidate for re-election, it is likely that Senators Morton and Logan will have political control of the new organization. Senator Morton is the strongest political organizer in the West, and he has that personal magnetism which attracts men who are weak in expedients and untrained in the art of giving shape to radical opinions. Both justice and sentiment point to him as the leader of the Independent movement, and although the farmers have declared themselves opposed to existing politicians, his leadership is a question only with himself. He will naturally be aided by his friend, the impulsive and popular Logan, a man whose bluff, hearty manner has won him the support of the soldiers who fought from the Ohio to the Gulf. It is more than possible that Senator Carpenter will join Morton and Logan. He is too thoroughly a Western man to cast his fortunes with any other than his own people, and he is likely to dispute with General Grant for popularity in the South. He is, also, the natural opponent, in the Senate, of Jones of Nevada, and more than the equal of any New England statesman in matters of law. Whether or not he is returned to the Senate from Wisconsin is of very little consequence in estimating the position he will probably take in national politics. With Carpenter, Morton and Logan, the West seems to possess a political leadership equal to its numbers and enthusiasm; and we believe it will be aided by General Butler in the East. So much has been said about the "anti-monopoly" achievements of Newton Booth, of California, that there are enthusiastic men who hope to have him become a supporter of the Western movement; but while the name of Booth carries with it more genuine sentiment than has been felt since the name of Fremont came out of the mountains, it must be remembered that even his "anti-monopoly" and so-called "Dolly Varden" supporters in his own State are in favor of specie money. The whole Pacific Slope is in accord with Grant on the financial ques-

tion; both Sargent, a skillful politician, and Jones, the Mazarin of the Administration, who represent the Republican politics of the Pacific States, are hard-money men; and it is certain that the voters who supported Booth would not prefer to make a national issue on the railroad question at the expense of their practical local use of silver and gold.

General Grant's Memorandum, judged aside from its temporary importance to merely commercial citizens, has greater political influence than even the Republican legislators are willing to acknowledge. Like Napoleon on taking command of the Army of Italy, he snubs precedent and wins his position by destroying the tactics. We believe that his wish for a third term depends upon the result of his financial policy. One can hardly estimate the strength of his individuality beside that of his policy and that of his party. He is strong among business men; but he has recently been strong with his party in the Senate only when he has kept within the party record. Cushing was rejected; but Waite (who, a few people will remember, is Chief-Justice of the United States) was confirmed, because he was, if nothing, at least not un-Republican. It must not hastily be concluded that the Memorandum destroyed the chances of General Grant's competitors for the Presidency. He has patronage, but his opponents are not without power. We doubt whether he could even make Washburne stronger in a convention than Blaine. The latter is fairly on the side of the moneyed men, and he has all the accomplishments of a great politician. Far from destroying his chances, the Memorandum increases them, as it increases those of Morton and Carpenter. Blaine's criticisms of Grant have not secured him any opportunity for obtaining power through the President; they have simply placed him before those who, agreeing with the President on finance, desire some other leader for the succession; and such a leader Mr. Blaine, more than any other Republican, is likely to be. But let no man fancy that Grant is weak, either in individual purpose or political popularity. He has placed himself squarely upon a platform. As in 1865 he abandoned Lincoln's strategy, and taking his own line of operations, unconsciously assumed McClellan's old position, to win from it, so now, caring naught for the tinkering financial policy of Congress, he takes his own line of operations, perhaps unconsciously putting himself upon the sentiment which Greeley inspired, and determining to win. Then he had Sherman and Sheridan; now he has Bristow and Jones.

EUROPEAN ARMIES.

FIVE years ago it was felt that Europe suffered an almost intolerable burden in the shape of the vast armies kept up by the different States. And yet such was the uneasiness caused by the fact that France was governed by a Napoleon, and that war was a Napoleonic idea, that disarmament was impracticable. No nation was willing to place itself at the mercy of France by disbanding its army, and it was conceded that a war must precede any general disarmament.

Well, Europe has had a war which has utterly crippled France and swept away the Napoleonic Empire. The coveted opportunity for disarmament has arrived. The vexed questions that for the last ten years have menaced the peace of Europe have been settled; the Roman question; the Schleswig-Holstein question; the question whether Austria or Prussia should rule in the German Diet. But instead of disarmament we see an enormous and unprecedented increase of armies in nearly every European nation. Nor at any one time have there been so many men under arms as are now marshaled from the Tweed to the Volga. Even England, which has heretofore been a naval and not a military nation, has increased her army to an extent that has not been paralleled by English history within the century.

The demonstration afforded during the Prusso-French war of the superiority of the Prussian system of army organization led to its imitation either directly or in a modified form by the rest of Europe. The immediate result has been a vast increase of the armies available for defensive purposes. Germany has now an army of 1,261,160 men. France has increased her army from 640,500 to 977,600. Italy has 605,200 soldiers, instead of 317,650; Austria, 856,980, instead of 634,000; Sweden and Norway have 204,510, instead of 134,900. England has 478,820, instead of 245,800. Russia, not contented with an increase of 267,310 to her army of 1,134,200, is now perfecting an organization which will give her the enormous force of 3,000,000 of soldiers. Without mentioning the smaller States by name, the net result is that Europe has now under arms 1,880,140 more than in 1859, the greater part of this increase having been added since the surrender of Paris. And if we leave out the Spanish, Portuguese and Swiss armies, we still find that the other European nations have on their rolls no less than 6,210,690 soldiers, to which the new Russian organization will presently add nearly 2,000,000 more.

The cost of feeding, clothing, arming and paying these millions of men is of course just so much money wasted, in the sense that it adds nothing whatever to the wealth of the world. But this cost, almost inconceivably

great as it is, nevertheless is only a fraction of the true cost of the European armies. The soldiers are the flower of the population, and to a great extent they are taken absolutely away from the possibility of adding by their labor to the productiveness of the countries to which they severally belong. It is true that where the Prussian system is rigidly followed nearly one-half of the soldiers on the army rolls are absent from the colors in times of peace, and are in a measure re-absorbed into the population. They, however, hold themselves liable to be called upon in case of war, and hence are not able to devote themselves without reserve to civilian pursuits. At the best, we may estimate that at least 4,000,000 are at this moment wearing uniforms in European armies, and doing no better work than learning the drill or building fortifications.

This tremendous drain on the wealth of the European States must, of course, be made up by increased taxation. The poor must grow poorer, and, except where the wealth of a country is very great, national bankruptcy must eventually ensue. It is, of course, perfectly evident to all European statesmen that this state of things cannot last. Disarmament must come sooner or later, or else the financial ruin of all Europe.

But how this disarmament is to be brought about is not clear. Indeed, it is not very clear why such tremendous armies have been created. France wishes to recover her position as a first-class power, and hence we can easily understand why she has so greatly increased her army. It is also evident that this increase would compel Germany to increase her military strength in like proportion. But why should the other European nations follow the example thus set? Neither Austria, nor Italy or Russia, nor Sweden and Norway, has any good reason to apprehend an attack from either France or Germany. And, indeed, there is at present no reason for supposing that a European war, either on a large or a small scale, will break out for some years to come; not at all events, until France is fully ready to try conclusions with the Germans.

Disarmament will not take place by any agreement between the different powers to that effect. Such a method has often been proposed, but has always proved impracticable. Neither France nor Germany will materially reduce their armies until another war has definitely settled the issues between them. Among the other nations, however, we may before long expect to find signs of a return to reason. Italy will find that she must reduce her expenses, and, with that end, will disband a part of her overgrown army of more than 600,000 men. Austria, finding that she has really nothing to fear from Germany or Russia, will follow the example, and the lesser States will perceive that inasmuch as they cannot possibly present any effective resistance to the German or French armies, they had better cease the empty and costly struggle to keep one or two hundred thousand men under arms. Thus among the smaller States there will be some decrease in the number of armed men that now burden Europe. From Germany and France, however, we can look for no improvement in this respect during the present generation. And the world may yet decide that it would have been better for the welfare of the world had the late war resulted in so thoroughly crippling one or the other of the combatants as to render all thoughts of future rivalry between them out of the question.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

GOVERNOR NEWTON BOOTH will speak in the East next Fall.

SENATOR LOGAN continues to be the coming man in Illinois.

SPEAKER BLAINE is sorry that he criticised the "Memorandum."

THE SUN thinks that the *Tribune* is in favor of Grant and Jones.

GENERAL GRANT's friends say that he does not want a third term.

GENERAL GRANT's two terms used to be "unconditional surrender."

SIR CHARLES DILKE is discovered to be the author of "Prince Florestan."

SENATOR HANNIBAL HAMLIN will probably be returned to the Senate from Maine.

DEMOCRATIC JOURNALS in the West are insisting that the Farmers' party movement is a failure.

SENATOR MORTON'S INDIANAPOLIS ORGAN says that he is too good a Republican to think of forming a new party.

SENATOR ANTHONY is spoken of by General Grant's Washington organ as a possible candidate for the Presidency.

CHICAGO hopes to build up a trade in prairie hay with England, one car-load having already been sent to experiment with in the manufacture of paper.

THE WORLD circulates 12,000 copies, and yet a sale of that paper was recently refused to a Washington political company and to a Wall Street political company.

PARIS IS IN COMMOTION. The Assembly is likely to dissolve, leaving President MacMahon power to rule personally for probably a year. Civil war is imminent. The Bonapartist journal *Le Pays* has been suspended for violent attacks upon the Government. The people are excitedly collecting in the streets, and a conflict is threatening between the Republicans and the Bonapartists.

THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH got intoxicated, and his friends cannot find him. In this country, when an alderman or a Congressman gets drunk and disappears we never search for him for fear we may find him.

RECORDER JOHN K. HACKETT, and William Butler Duncan, the banker, are the Democratic candidates for the nomination for Mayor. Recorder Hackett would defeat Mr. Havemeyer by at least thirty thousand votes.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us to say that we were wrong in likening Mr. John P. Foley's style to the equable, onward movement of a row of bricks. Really, we thought we were paying the talented Foley a masonic compliment.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is the Gordian knot which many journalists are seeking to untie. If some brave man will cut it he will find how weak a thing it is, after all. The question has long been, shall Gordon Bennett cut it, or shall Gordon not?

GENERAL BUTLER, referring to Lyman Tremain, Tweed's prosecutor, says that he (Butler) has sympathy with Tweed, because such a man ought to be hunted by lions, not by jackals. New York's fourth-warders will never again throw rotten apples at Ben Butler.

M. GAMBETTA, former Communist dictator, having been struck on the head with a cane by Count St. Croix, a Bonapartist, instead of choosing to fight a duel, complained before the Police Court, which sentenced the Count to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 200 francs, with the costs of court.

JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago, is accused of taking possession of the farmers' movement in Illinois. Even that bright St. Louis *Globe* says so. But the statement is untrue. It is the farmers who have taken possession of the movement, and John Wentworth is no more its master than a whiffletree is the master of Dexter.

HON. J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS, first Assistant Secretary of State, succeeds his uncle, George Bancroft, the historian, as Minister to Germany. Mr. Davis some time ago advertised his country-seat at Newburg for sale. He knows more about technical State affairs than any other man in the country. Bancroft will reside at Washington.

INFLATION is defeated in Congress, and there are no hopes for Messrs. Morton and Logan during the present session. The subject of the currency now goes before the country, and must be deferred until the next Congress. Meanwhile the Inflationists are quoting Wendell Phillips's last letter, although General Butler voted against the Conference Bill.

COLONEL JAMES R. YOUNG, the Executive Clerk of the United States Senate, the advance sheets of whose volume of forthcoming poems we have read, describes a fire in an ice-house, a theme which he treats with magic power. The concluding lines are—

"Twenty thousand tons of ice
Were thus reduced to ashes."

JONES OF NEVADA says that he has a "plain matter-of-fact way," but he says it on the same day that he quotes Victor Hugo. Perhaps he has been reading Mark Anthony's

"—as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend—and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

—I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's—" etc.

GERMANY, according to a London *Times* dispatch, has designs upon Turkey. The Kaiser is master of Europe. Will he endeavor to outflank Russia in Asia? Bonaparte said that Constantinople was the key of Europe, and it is possible that the last dream of Prince Bismarck is to unlock the little door that separates the two continents. The consequences of any such action on the part of Germany would be great, for Von Moltke still lives, and he served in Turkey long enough to know its strategic points better than any other soldier.

THE SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) REPUBLICAN says: "The Jones-Grant Memorandum sounds very Jonesy. He is a fascinating man, Jones—talks well—smokes a good deal, and can tell a story better than Logan or Carpenter or Butler. We should not be surprised if it was Jones who goes into the White House now without knocking." Senator Jones was born in England, near the border of Wales; and the Constitution says that the President shall be a native-born citizen of the United States. The Springfield *Republican* will therefore only lament that Senator Jones is out of the contest.

INDIANS are more cheaply fed than fought, say the statesmen who believe that a widespread nation should be conservative rather than radical. The Modoc war, last year this time, cost \$6,000,000, besides many valuable lives. The Sioux war of 1864-65 cost \$45,000,000, and we killed forty-five Indians. A million dollars apiece for dead Indians. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars will feed all the Apaches in Arizona for nine months, and one regiment of cavalry, to watch the Apaches there, costs the same amount of money. The Modoc war could have been avoided by contenting the Indian with an appropriation of \$25,000 a year. There is much weight in this argument, and we hope that it will be always well considered.

THE South is calculating its population, and it finds that the following were the comparative numbers of white and colored persons at the period of the last census—1870. Since then the preponderance of whites in Texas has greatly increased. As will be seen, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina are the only States in which the negroes have majorities:

	White.	Colored.	Majority.
Alabama.....	521,383	475,510	45,873
Arkansas.....	362,115	122,169	139,946
Florida.....	98,057	91,689	6,368
Georgia.....	638,925	554,142	83,783
Kentucky.....	1,098,692	222,230	776,462
Louisiana.....	362,065	364,230	2,165
Mississippi.....	382,896	444,201	61,305
North Carolina.....	678,470	391,650	287,820
South Carolina.....	289,696	415,814	126,117
Tennessee.....	936,113	322,351	613,762
Texas.....	712,049	255,415	456,634
Virginia.....	712,049	255,415	456,634

POLITICAL SPECULATORS are talking about the "American mind," saying that it cannot lose its penchant for two terms. The "American mind," according to our observation, is a changeable one, because its component parts are constantly renewing. What do the 800,000 negroes know about less than three terms? What do the Germans of Chicago care about two terms? What does General Butler's foreign constituency care about one term, more or less?

CONGRESSMAN TOM CREAMER, the person whom the young Democrats selected to fight Tweed in the New York Legislature, and to succeed Oakley Hall in the mayoralty—Creamer who was the first to surrender, and who is now a national legislator—wants the Civil Service rules enforced, so that Grant cannot visit rich men. He is not in favor of having a man for President who used to drive mules. Mr. Creamer is sensitive because his progeny were driven. If his silly, disgusting speech had weight enough to kill Civil Service reform we might have some regret, because there would be no rules to prevent such men as himself from going to Congress. If the Civil Service regulations would forbid the President to keep company with men possessing money, what would they do with a man who has two inches of forehead and a record from Tammany Hall?

GOVERNOR THOMAS A. HENDRICKS's chances for the Presidency, according to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, are better than they were in 1868. Says a correspondent: "Thomas A. Hendricks, Democrat, present Governor of Indiana, was born in Washington County, O., September 7th, 1819. Studied law and completed his studies at Chambersburg, Pa., in 1843, after which he settled in Indiana, and soon rose in succession to most of the offices in the gift of the people—Legislature, Congress, United States Senator, and now Governor. President Pierce made him Commissioner of the General Land Office. An excellent man every way. Cool, sagacious, persuasive, his gentle manners and pleasing countenance add to his influence. I know no aspirant for the Democratic nomination that would make a better President. He and Morton agree on the currency, but differ about everything else. Hendricks in complexion is light, and in this is the exact opposite of his dark-skinned Republican competitor."

RELIGION IN GERMANY is unquiet, the Protestants and the Catholics being equally uncertain of the reasonableness of Prince Bismarck, but being tolerably certain of his power. It is believed that German Catholics hold theoretically that the authority of the Church is supreme; they also hold that the authority of the State is equal, or perhaps greater. In quiet times it is possible and convenient to accept in a suspensive and indefinite manner, as equally valid, two propositions which are logically contradictory. But now the inhabitants of Catholic parishes in Prussia will have to abandon this pleasant neutrality, and to determine whether they mean that the State should be above the Church or the Church above the State. That anything like all those concerned should act in the same way is in the highest degree unlikely. There will be at least a few who will obey the State at all hazards, and a few who will obey the Church. But the question is, which course the bulk of Prussian Catholics will choose, and the issue is now so clearly defined that the result cannot remain very long doubtful.

IDEAL WIVES, according to an Irish writer, are of low stature and extremely fair. They are soft and gentle in manner and slow of motion. They have blue eyes, golden hair, rich mezzo-soprano voices, and wear moderate dress-improvers. Their hair and its color are their own; and they fear strong men, but like to look at them from windows, balconies, carriages, and other places of security. They are a trifle unhappy, and have not been married to their first love. They cannot sew over well, but they have a positively maddening way of leaning over the backs of chairs while they are asking their husbands if they shall wear blue or pink ribbons. They have no mother living. They care little for going into society. They never desire to obtain the good wishes of other men, save when their husband's interest is to that effect. They are not painfully clever musicians, but they know some sweet simple airs, and sing those at evening by the open window. They are liable to be defrauded by the servants, and are imposed upon by tradespeople. They regard their husbands as supreme arbiters in all matters. They would stay as they are or fly to New Zealand with him, as he desired.

THE MOITY BILL, as amended, passed the Senate. Under this Bill, if it becomes a law, a court may have a merchant's books produced, but they cannot be examined without the presence of the merchant or his agent. Nor may the District Attorney examine any items but those in dispute. For this section the merchants are indebted to Senator Bayard. The other two important changes in the Bill were one on motion of Mr. Hamlin for making forfeiture by a merchant of only the package or case containing undervalued goods, and one on motion of Mr. Sargent changing the penalty in § 12 from \$5,000 penalty to a sum not exceeding \$5,000 or no less than \$50, or two years' imprisonment, or both. The plan for a penalty of imprisonment is a sensible one. The "craven" merchants (the word is Mr. Carpenter's) who desire to cheat will take fewer risks of imprisonment than of fine. It is just that there should have been provision for a merchant's retaining possession of his books except when they are in court for examination. The Bill reduces the salaries of custom officers, the Collector of the Port of New York receiving, without any other fees or perquisites, \$12,000 a year, and the Collectors of Boston and San Francisco \$8,000. The Surveyors receive, for New York, \$8,000; for Boston and San Francisco, \$5,000.

TEXAS is pushing herself forward in the race for position among the Southern States. The Galveston *News*, in an article upon the sugar culture in that State, claims that their "area of sugar land far exceeds that of Louisiana," but that it has not been utilized for the reason that cotton was more

reliable. It is very possible that these lands will now be put to practical use. The area of sugar cultivation in Louisiana must be very greatly restricted in the future. It will take at least three years, possibly longer, to restore the culture to its normal condition. Much of the cane has been destroyed by the flood, and large portions of the area in which it was exclusively grown are irredeemable. Nor is it true that extreme tropical climates are best adapted to sugar culture. The semi-tropics, as in the latitude of Louisiana, Texas and Mexico, have always grown the finest quality of cane. A comparison of the product of this latitude with the tropical culture of Cuba, Brazil and all the West India islands will fully demonstrate the truth. The latter growth is large and crude and lacking in the essential quality of sweetness or saccharine matter, which the former possesses. The establishment of sugar refineries in Galveston will stimulate the sugar culture in the State, which will very speedily realize richer returns than the *Neves* is now disposed to anticipate.

CONCERNING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES, the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe* writes that "the Liberal editors have been discussing the Presidential nominations with some reference to the prospective importance of Governor Newton Booth's name. Sam Bowles, it appears, thinks Adams and Booth the ticket. Horace White reverses the order, and says Booth and Adams. Halstead leans that way. Whitelaw Reid thinks that Speaker Blaine is the stronger and the coming man. This is the way they have recently gossiped to a Pacific journalist." In regard to this gossip our readers may know that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER was the first journal to sound the names of Adams and Booth as a flyer. It is impossible, however, to predict what national strength Newton Booth will gain. Much is expected of him; and when he goes into the Senate he will have a trying time. Every word he utters will be carefully criticised. There is no doubt that the Pacific Slope is more strongly represented in the national councils and in national ideas than any other section of the country. But what effect on the country will there be from the existence of three strong men: Booth, who was elected to the Senate against fearful odds, and whose work, so far, is in his own State; Sargent, who defeated Caleb Cushing for the Chief Justiceship; and Jones, who is the "lightning-rod" of finance for the President? Are there two too many? Or shall we say that the sunny skies that developed three literary types—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain—will leave the prestige of the three strong politicians harmoniously distinct?

NEWSPAPER THEORISTS were greatly exercised last week over the important rumor that a new Administration organ was to be established in New York City. And the story was told round among the knowing ones in very much this way: Mr. Caleb Norvell, who has been the financial writer of the *Times* ever since the establishment of that journal, had resigned his position because of a professional point concerning the control of the Wall Street columns. Mr. Jennings claiming that domination which he thought belongs to the editor-in-chief, and Mr. Norvell insisting that a staff editor has entire charge of the opinions and conduct of his department so long as his employers retain him on their journal. Mr. Norvell having money and friends, and, withal, what he called certain pleasant memories of the old Raymond régime of the *Times*, determined to start a new paper which should contain opinions both financially and politically in correspondence with those which are held by the Administration, that is, by General Grant. The purpose was to obtain possession of the *Express*, which has a right to the news of the Associated Press. But the *Express* denies that it was to be sold, the son of the late James Brooks holding his shares with an idea that he must retain them as an heirloom in the interest of his father's purpose. Nevertheless, the new paper was a contemplation, and at one time almost an accomplished fact. The editor was to be Mr. Henry Sedley, an English gentleman, who was formerly the editor of the literary and critical journal, *The Round Table*. The manager was to be Mr. Raymond's old lieutenant, Mr. George Sheppard; and Mr. George H. Williams was to be the news-manager, or Cummings, of the new venture. Like many probabilities, the idea did not reach consummation. But there is significance in the effort, and it is only one of several that are making in the same direction.

THAMES VALLEY SONNETS.

BY DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

I.—WINTER.

HOW large that thrush looks on that bare thorn-tree!
A swarm of such, three little months ago,
Had hidden in the leaves and let none know
Save by the outbursts of their minstrelsy.
A white flake here and there—a snow-lily
Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;
And for a rose-flower on the darkling mold
The hungry redbreast gleams. No bloom, no bee.

The current shudders to its lee-bound sedge:
Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one
Flash each its clinging diamond to the sun:
'Neath winds which for this Winter's sovereign pledge
Shall curb great king mists to the ocean's edge
And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

II.—SPRING.

Soft-littered is the new year's lambing fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wakeful-eyed
At the ewes' trawling call through the dark cold.
The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw of the old,
And near unpeopled stream sides, on the ground,
By her Spring-cry the moorhen's nest is found,
Where the drained flood flaunts their margold.

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,
And chill the current where the young reeds stand
As green and close as the young wheat on land:
Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo follow
Flight to the heart Spring's perfect moment hour
Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear one's head.

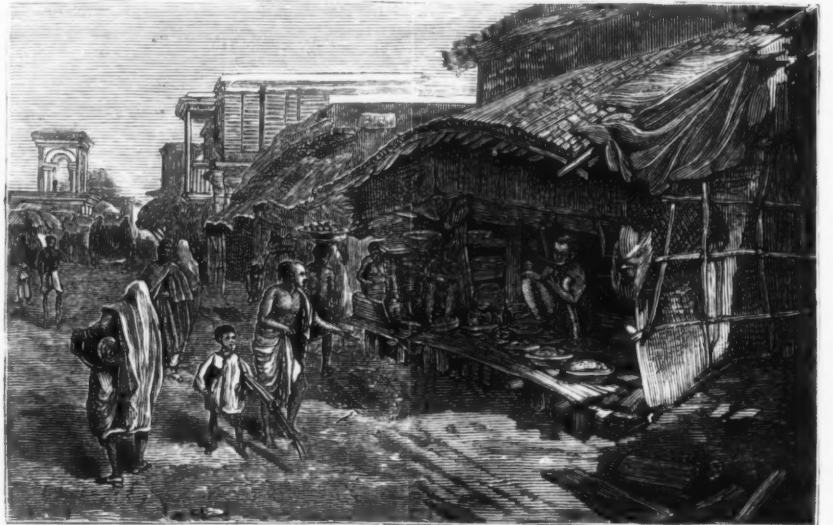
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 247.



ENGLAND.—THE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT BEFORE THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY—A RUSH UP HILL.



HOLLAND.—ENTRY OF THE KING AND QUEEN INTO AMSTERDAM—PASSING THE MUNTSLUIS.



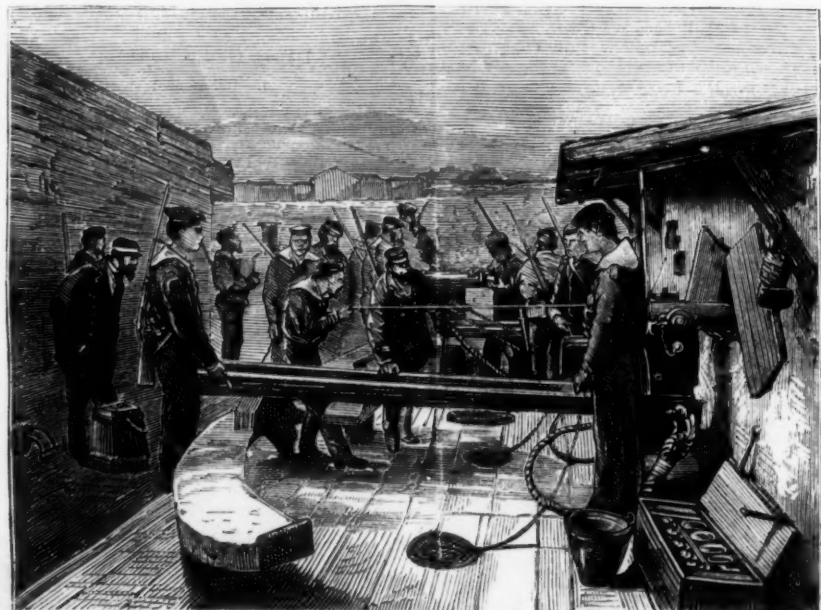
INDIA.—A NATIVE SHOP IN BAZAAR STREET, CALCUTTA.



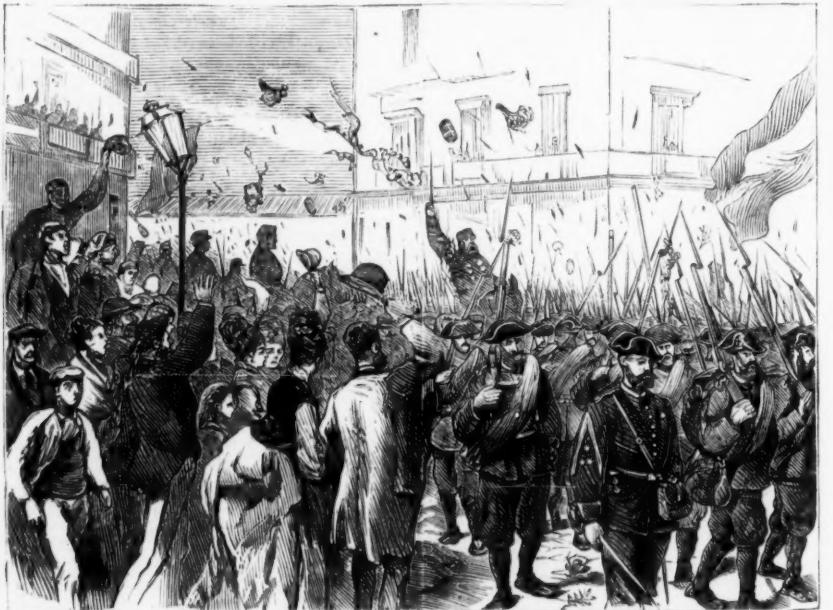
CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE BATTERY DEL DIENTE AT THE DEFENSE OF BILBAO.



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—WOMEN WORKING IN THE INTRENCHMENTS AT THE DEFENSE OF BILBAO.



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE MARINE BATTERY AT THE DEFENSE OF BILBAO.



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—ENTRANCE INTO BILBAO OF THE LIBERATOR EJERCITO.



BOSTON, MASS.—DRESSMAKING INSTRUCTION IN THE WINTHROP SCHOOL.—GIRLS SKETCHING FROM DIAGRAM.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 247.

SUMMER MOON.

BY
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SUMMER Moon, O Summer Moon, across the West
you fly.
You gaze on half the earth at once with sweet and
steadfast eye;
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, were I aloft with thee,
I know that I could look upon my boy who sails at sea.
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, you throw your
silver showers
Upon a glassy sea that sighs round shores of fruit
and flowers,
And on the blue tide's silver edge drop blossoms in
the breeze,
And the shadow of the ship lies dark near shades of
orange trees.
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, now wind and storm
have fled,
Your light creeps thro' a cabin-pane and lights a
flaxen head:
He tosses with his lips apart, lies smiling in your
glow,
For underneath his folded lids you put a gentle dream.
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, his head is on his
arm,
He stirs with balmy breath and sees the moonlight
on the Farn,
He stirs and breathes his mother's name, he smiles
and sees once more
The Moon above, the fields below, the shadow at the
door.
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, across the lift you go,
Far south you gaze and see my Boy, where groves of
orange grow!
Summer Moon, O Summer Moon, you turn again to me,
And seem to have the smile of him who sleeps upon
the sea.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

THE air was soft and fragrant, suggestive of
apple-blossoms and early violets, and the long
low kitchen of Willowdale farmhouse was
cheerful with homely comfort. The pugnosed tea-
table sung briskly its approval, and Tabby, purring
on the hearth, lazily winked her contentment. Sit-
ting by the vine-curtained window, looking at, but
not mindful of, the little willow-fringed pond that
was dimpling and sparkling to the fast-falling drops
of an April shower, sat a young, slender girl. Fair
floss-like hair rippled away from her broad, white
brow, and the eyes so full of brooding pain were
"deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." It was a beau-
tiful girl shocked into a sense of her womanhood by
wounded love that the morning-glories were nod-
ding at; for Grace Adair, the only child of her
father, and he a widower, had come to a sorrow
that parent's love could not ward off; and this was
how it happened:

A year before, when wood and hill were gay
with Summer bloom, a handsome city-bred adven-
turer had come to Willowdale for a period of recu-
peration from "ways that are dark and tricks that
are vain." Adair's broad acres and Adair's fair
daughter offered the richest field, just then, within
the limits of possibility, and he was the last man to
lose an opportunity that combined amusement and
probable personal interest; so poor Grace's heart
became a bauble to win.

She lived and loved, just as girls will, happy in
her new-found sweetness, until the keen Autumn
winds swept death and desolation over all Summer
blooms. He who had given the rose-glow to her
maiden dreams flitted with the birds. The great
city swallowed up her hope, and love, like a bunch
of withered leaves, lay trailing in the dust. This
April day she had learned why she was forsaken.
A beauty, belle and heiress had bound her heart to
the wheel of this man's fascinations—there was
more money in it, and he was about to marry her.

Grace was fair, proud, self-contained in her
notions of honor. Although there must, of a
necessity, be a struggle between sentiment and
reason in her mind, contempt is the death-note of
affection, and this morning's reverie she resolved
should be the last tribute to so worthless a memory.
Raising her bowed head like some stately lily from
its baptism of dew, she threw back the masses of
shimmering hair clustering about her throat, and
turning her colorless face to catch the sunlight
breaking through the clouds, said:

"I am ashamed through my whole being at hav-
ing loved a thing so mean, but, if I can prevent it,
no other woman shall wreck her life on this same
rock."

In one of the most imposing of up-town mansions,
my lady's boudoir was a scene of bewitching con-
fusion. Lovely silks, sheeny satins, misty, ethereal-
ized fabrics and yellow clouds of rare lace made a
delightful litter about the elegant apartment.

Surveying with critical eye a robe on which a maid
was at work stood the fair mistress of all the wealth
of which this glimpse of purple and fine linen was
representative. A little sparkling creature, scarcely
the height of the Venus, her figure rounded as beau-
tifully as an infant's, her face one of those provok-
ing ones that set criticism at defiance, her hair
waving and curling in any but an orthodox fashion,
her tiny feet peeping like two brown mice from be-
neath the hem of her embroidered skirt, and her
tout ensemble giving one much the same impression
as would an oriole twittering and glittering amid
the blossoms of a magnolia-tree.

"I tell you, Fanchette, I shall look like a Pata-
gonian squaw in those cerise trimmings. Rip them
off and put on the rose-pink," the little lady
was saying as a man-servant appeared in the cur-
tained doorway.

"A lady wishes to see Mademoiselle Reichardt."

"Who is it?"

The servant shook his head after the manner of
his kind, and presented his salver with the card—
"Grace Adair," and in lead pencil—"Please grant
me a few moments' private conversation."

"How strange! Well, shut the dressing-room
door, and show her up here." And in a brief space,
that was measured by an approving pat at her
chignon and a readjusting twitch at the bows of her
sash, she fluttered airily across the floor to meet her
visitor.

"Are you Miss Adair? What a lovely blonde your
hair is! Take a seat and tell me your errand," she
said, all in the same breath.

Grace responded to her greeting, blushing, yet
with a quiet dignity that made itself felt, and
began:

"You will pardon my intrusion, Miss Reichardt,
I hope, when I tell you that a matter of the greatest
importance to us both brought me here."

"Your gravity alarms me; come to the point,
please, without any further circumlocution," and
black eyes flashed a look of startled inquiry into
opposing blue ones.

"You are engaged to be married to Augusto
Jerome?"

"Yes," with a little start of confused surprise.
"So am I."
"Madre de Dio! Are you crazy, Miss Adair?"
"Both sane and serious, Miss Reichardt."
"Have you any proof in support of this wonder-
ful tale?"

For answer, Grace placed a package of the let-
ters she had received from her recreant lover into
the hands of her innocent rival. The rich color
flushed up into mademoiselle's cheek as she read
the condemnatory evidence, until with flaming eyes
she threw them from her, and exclaimed:

"It is very evident that I have been the dupe of
an adventurer; but he shall find that I am not quite
the pliant tool he thinks me. Your proofs are indis-
putable, Miss Adair, and I am infinitely obliged to
you for showing me this person in his true char-
acter. I have loved; I now despise him. Hark!
that is his ring now! Stay, please—we will receive
him together. Sit in the shadow of that *edgier* for
a moment."

"How is my darling to-day?" asked Mr. Jerome,
as, coming into the room, he lowered his voice to
the most dulcet of lover-like tones, and advanced
with his usual *débonnaire* grace to bestow a caress
upon his fiancée.

"Stop one moment," said she, with a repelling
move of the hand, "and let us know how many dar-
lings you have? It strikes me that I am darling
No. 2."

"What has happened, Julie? I do not under-
stand you."

"Don't you?—sans peur et sans reproche, I pre-
sume. Well, allow me to explain for myself by in-
troducing to your notice the original possessor of
your transferable affections." Drawing Grace from
the shadow, she presented her to him with mock
courtesy, and continued: "Accept my thanks for
the honor you have intended me in offering your
second-hand allegiance, and allow me to resign all
claim upon your disinterested attentions."

"I have also a word to say to you," began
Grace, "by way of advice. In your future ven-
tures you may be benefited by remembering that
it is well to be off with the old love before you are
on with the new. I have been amply repaid in
rescuing Miss Reichardt from your mercenary
heartlessness, and henceforth the little incidents
that go to make up your life are as nothing to me."

Then, beneath the fire of two pairs of contemptu-
ous and indignant eyes, the hero of many a suc-
cessful love passage beat an inglorious retreat,
muttering curses—not loud, but deep—that "the
best laid plans of mice and men oft gang aglee."

GRANT AND THE WAR.

BY COLONEL CHARLES CORNWALLIS CHESNEY,
OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THERE is a disposition to regard the American
generals, and the troops they led, as altogether
inferior to regular soldiers. This prejudice was
born out of the blunders and want of coherence
exhibited by undisciplined volunteers at the out-
set—faults amply atoned for by the stubborn
courage displayed on both sides throughout the
rest of the struggle; while, if a man's claims to be
regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the
amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the
most seasoned soldiers in Europe are but as con-
scripts compared with the survivors of that conflict.
The conditions of war on a grand scale were illus-
trated to the full as much in the contest in America
as in those more recently waged on the Continent.
In all that relates to the art of feeding and supply-
ing an army in the field, the Americans displayed
quite as much ability as any Continental power;
while if the organization and discipline of their im-
provised troops were inferior, the actual fighting
was in fact more stubborn, for no European forces
have experienced the amount of resistance in com-
bat which North and South opposed to each other.
Neither was the frequently indecisive result of the
great battles fought in America any proof that they
formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military
science.

These actions were so inconclusive, first,
from deficiency in cavalry, and next because the
beaten side would not break up. The American
soldier, in thus refusing to yield to panic when
losing the day, retiring in good order, and keeping
a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let
us venture to believe, an inherited quality. In or-
der to pursue, there must be some one to run away,
and, to the credit of the Americans, the ordinary
conditions of European warfare in this respect were
usually absent from the great battles fought across
the Atlantic. Hence partly the frequent repetition
of the struggle, almost on the same ground, of
which the last campaign of Grant and Lee is the
crowning example. Nor have those who study the
deeds wrought by Farragut and Porter, with im-
proved means, any reason to hold American
sailors cheaper than English, or to think lightly of
the energy that raised the fleets they led.

It is not very many years since, that a needy man
was lounging in the streets of St. Louis, with scarce
a friend or a hope in the world. He had left an
honorable service under a cloud; and after trying
his hand at the national pursuit of farming, which
had brought him much toil and little gain, had
turned in vain to other pursuits. As a dealer in
wool, as agent for collecting debts, as auctioneer,
as house-agent, he had failed to compete success-
fully with the sharper or better trained minds
around him; and now what he had regarded as his
last chance, his application for a petty local ap-
pointment, had been rejected curtly, with the in-
timation that fit testimonials were lacking in his
case.

Leaving St. Louis and its temptations behind him,
Grant turned towards Galena in Illinois, where his
father lived, and was received into his employment.
Thus it came about that the future General-in-Chief
and President passed the next two years of his life
in the humble capacity of assistant to a leather
dealer, taking his turn of rougher and harder occu-
pations in the winter. So passed his time peace-
fully, but with no recovery of his lost position,
until the great events of April, 1861.

At Paducah, Ky., where he had his early com-
mand, Grant incurred his chief's rebuke for
having entered directly into correspondence with
the Legislature of Kentucky; but the latter, hith-
erto led away from the Northern cause by their
Governor, now passed resolutions on the Union
side, and the State neutrality which they at first
had affected to maintain was heard of no more.
Small as are the details of these events, the energy
which they display in Grant; the readiness with
which he used the raw land and water forces
newly entrusted to him; the decision with which
he moved into ground hitherto neutral, forestalling
a too tardy permission; finally, the clear strategic
view which led him to Paducah, a place which was
to prove presently of the highest importance: all
testify to his possession at that time of the very
qualities of generalship for which all the world has
later given him credit. The moderation, tact and
good sense of the politician appeared as plainly in
the address he issued on entering the town; and as

this was the first important public document of his
life, it is well to read it in the original words:

"PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 6th, 1861.

"TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH: I am coming among
you not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen; not to
maltreat you nor annoy you, but to respect and enforce
the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy, in rebellion
against our common Government, has taken possession of,
and planted his guns on, the soil of Kentucky, and fired
upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He
is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you
against this enemy, to assist the authority and sover-
eignty of your Government. I have nothing to do with
opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its
aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avoca-
tions without fear. The strong arm of the Government is
here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. When-
ever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves
and maintain the authority of the Government, and pro-
tect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the
forces under my command."
"U. S. GRANT,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

It is plain to the discerning student of the war
that the capture of Donelson taught the chief
Federal general to overrate the effect of dogged
resolution and brute strength, and caused him to
suffer some fearful lessons in consequence, when he
carried out his favorite idea beyond the bounds of
prudence against a veteran and determined enemy.

The battle of Corinth greatly disappointed Grant.
He had supposed, with most other Northerners,
and in opposition to the views which made Sherman
unpopular, that one or two sharp blows, like that of
Fort Donelson, would end the war. The vigor and
determination with which General Johnston had
taken the offensive so soon after that great loss
showed plainly that any such expectation was
fallacy. Then Grant arrived at the conviction, on
which as a whole he thereafter ever acted, that the
war would never end until the Southern armies
were crushed and worn down, and that they, not
forts or cities or territory, should be the chief
objects of the strategy which controlled the greater
resources of the North. From this time also, he, and
those that followed him, gave up the notion of spar-
ing the property of the South. The Confederacy
had succeeded, they admitted, in making this a war
of the people. The people, therefore, must suffer,
until the people yielded. Hitherto he, with most of
the Federal generals, would have protected slavery
as an institution. Henceforth that too must perish,
with State rights, independent Constitutions, and
whatever else stood in the way of one grand object,
the unity of the nation.

There is nothing a military biographer could offer
more honorable to the character of Grant than the
terms in which, on becoming Lieutenant-General, he
took leave of his great lieutenants. Flaws may be
found in his tactics, or deficiencies in his strategical
power; yet, if not absolutely perfect as general or
soldier, as commander full of generous sentiment
to the deserving, who could desire to serve under a
better chief? Not that Grant's praise was of that
cheap sort which is easily earned and little valued.
On the contrary, few commanders have spoken
more severely of their subordinates' errors when
censure was called for; and Hooker, Burnside and
Butler are notable examples that the scathing re-
bukes which he administered in his reports spared
neither rank nor standing. Unqualified praise from
such a chief is doubtless the more valued; but it is
rather in justice to himself than his lieutenants that
we insert the letter he wrote, on the decision al-
ready mentioned, to the general who, next to him-
self, had earned most largely the gratitude of the
Union their swords aided to preserve:

"DEAR SHERMAN: The Bill reviving the grade of lieut-
enant-general in the army has become a law, and my
name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now
receive orders to report to Washington immediately, in
person, which indicates a confirmation, or a likelihood of
confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the
order."

"While I have been eminently successful in this war
in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one
feels more than I how much of this success is due to the
energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that
energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good
fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me."

"There are many officers to whom these remarks are
applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate
to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is, to express
my thanks to you and M'Pherson, as the men to whom,
above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had
of success."

"How far your advice and assistance have been of help
to me you know. How far your execution of whatever
has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I
am receiving, you cannot know as well as I."

"I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giv-
ing the most flattering construction."

"The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for
M'Pherson also. I should write to him, and will some
day, but starting in the morning, I do not know that I
will find time just now. Your friend,"

"U. S. GRANT, Major-General."

In the Wilderness campaign, General Lee discov-
ered that his antagonist was unsparing, to a marked
degree, of the lives of his men. Grant has in fact
much to answer for in a year's history as regards the
charge of wasting his army by pressing it on against
unfair odds of position. To justify him in any
measure, it must be borne in mind that he came to
his new work in Virginia after a train of striking
successes won greatly by the judicious employment
of superior numbers; that he had sound reason to
believe that the enemy had no such supplies of re-
cruits to draw from as were available to himself;
and that the Government he served was of necessity
compelled to insist on constant advance, and on
seeming advantage at any present sacrifice. Add
to these conditions that the general was of disposi-
tion as obstinate as brave; his troops were resolute
and patient rather than daring in their character;
and we may account for much of the waste of life
now so notorious. A little more of success in the
results, and we should have heard nothing but
praise. Doubtless Grant is deficient in that sublime
quality of genius which instinctively knows the im-
possible, and recoils from it alone. His warfare
shows marvelous resemblance to that of Massena,
whose obstinate clinging to his purpose and patient
waiting for opportunity saved France and covered
himself with glory in 1796, as they proved the ruin
of his fame and of Napoleon's Peninsular designs
when met by Wellington and Torres Vedras.

Says Swinton: "Shortly before the opening of
the Rapidan campaign, General Meade, in conver-
sation with the Lieutenant-general, was telling him
that he proposed to manoeuvre thus and thus;
whereupon General Grant stopped him at the word
'manoeuvre,' and said, 'Oh! I never manoeuvre.'
This characteristic utterance, which the snavity of
biographers might readily pass over in silence, can-
not be omitted here; for it is the proof of a frame
of mind that especially influenced the complexion
of the campaign. The battle of the Wilderness can
hardly be understood save as the act of a com-
mander who 'never manoeuvres.'"

In quoting this, it is but justice to General Grant
to add that if he used such expressions and acted
here with such apparent rashness, it was plainly
owing to a mistaken view of the particular army he
had under him; for in the previous campaigns of
Vicksburg and Chattanooga he had shown the very
highest powers of manoeuvring, those larger quali-
ties of strategy, in fact, which will more and more

be demanded in modern war, as the means for great
combinations multiply.

On the Chickahominy came the darkest spot in
the career of Grant as a commander. It had seemed
as though, when he recoiled a few days before from
Lee's position on the North Anna, without attempt-
ing it, he had learnt by bitter experience that the
"continuous hammering" in which he not long
since had trusted might break the instrument while
its work was yet unfinished. Not even the vast re-
sources on which he had power to draw could long
spare 20,000 men a week for the continuance of the
experiment. It requires, therefore, more excuse
than has anywhere been offered for the sacrifice
which followed. It may be that Grant's usually
imperturbable temper was ruffled by the continued
readiness with which his adversary met him; or
that he believed the Confederates already so worn
down by their unsupplied losses as to be unable to
man their works; or that he judged that his new
command had not yet been sufficiently put to the
proof by the stern doings of the month just past;
or that all these causes acted together. Possibly
he was influenced more than all by the uneasy con-
sciousness that he had brought the criticism of the
whole world upon his strategy by his famous dis-
patch, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it
takes all the Summer;" for had not this chosen line
been already abandoned and no result won?

At Cold Harbor Grant's mode of assault, made
"along the whole line," and without any reserve,
was contrary to all the tactical rules of theory or
practice. There is, indeed, an exception in one
important case, where the enemy is decidedly worn
out and shaken by previous events. So Wellington
ordered his general charge at Waterloo when the
Prussian shock had shattered and laid bare the
French right flank, and made Napoleon's battle a
hopeless struggle. So Radetsky, acting on the
same instinct of genius, threw all his front line sud-
denly on the exhausted Italians at Novara, ere
Hesse, his more methodical chief of staff, could
array the reserves for a final assault. Grant had no
such motive for his battle. The troops that he at-
tacked were not the ill-led swaggers whose indeci-
sion at Fort Donelson had been patent to his
observant glance, nor the wearied stragglers whose
officers staid to plunder with them at Pittsburg.
They were veterans, war-hardened to suffering and
danger, confident in their general, feeling them-
selves invincible on the defensive, and making up
their priceless value as individual soldiers for their
want of discipline and numbers. It is better for
those who would think well of Grant to pass on-
ward from the subject, with a word of pity for
Burnside, so often condemned for the like fault
committed earlier in the war at Fredericksburg;
and to add only that the error of the Federal gen-
erals was older than their day; since Napoleon
(whose mode of fighting battles it is the fashion to
imagine faultless) threw away nearly the same
number of men in 1807, in a vain assault on the
Russian entrenched camp upon the Aller; an as-
sault ordered apparently without reason, for the
works were afterwards turned strategically without
difficulty by a simple flank movement. The holocaust
thus offered by impatience at Heilsberg was
even more excusable than those of Fredericksburg
and Cold Harbor; for no excited nation was crying
out to the French Emperor for action at all cost.

The gaunt relics of the Army of Virginia were
finally brought to bay near Appomattox Court-
house, and were surrendered shortly afterwards by
their beloved chief on terms so liberal, and enforced
in so delicate a manner, that one knows not whether
the transaction reflects most credit on the victor or
the vanquished. When President Johnson, not long
after, in the first vindictive impulse of triumph,
would have singled out the Confederate hero and
his favored officers for trial and vengeance, General
Grant showed no less resolution in maintaining the
capitulation inviolate than he had displayed in the
campaign by which he had won the right to offer it.
All honor to the noble instinct which saved the
restored Union from the crime her Chief Magistrate
meditated in the newness of his power!

It is not within our present purpose to show how
far Sherman's masterly strategy had contributed to
the successful issue of the struggle. The war was
recognized as practically finished from the day
when Lee laid down his sword, and the cause of the
Union needed that of Grant no more. And soon
the nation, grateful for his services, and expectant
of more, resolved to raise her favorite general to a
yet greater charge than that of army or bureau.
As in the crisis of the war the voice of the North
called Grant to supreme command, so after peace
was won, it named him as the man who best could
solve the difficulties the war had bequeathed. It is
not for us to prophesy the final result. Great,
though not faultless, as a general, active and suc-
cessful in administrative office, the character of
Grant as a statesman and the effect of his personal
character as President are enigmas which time
must solve. We know that he has steered so clear
of shoals of party that the Republicans have
charged him with being at heart a Democrat, and
the Democrats abused him for his gross Republic-
anism. We have seen that fulsome and inappro-
priate praise, virulent and personal abuse, have
failed to shake his reticence, or cause him to com-
mit himself unreservedly to the arms of faction.
Yet the task before him needs more than mere
prudence and reserve. It demands high wisdom
as well as enduring resolution, and statesmanship
no less than self-restraint. To bind up the wounds
left by the war, to restore concord between the vic-
torious and vanquished sections of the Union, to insure
real freedom to the Southern negro, and full justice
to the Southern white—these are indeed tasks
which might tax the powers of Washington himself,
or a greater than Washington, if such an one could
be found. It would seem as though his friend and
adviser, Sherman, had foreseen coming events to
the letter when he wrote, some years ago, on Grant's
elevation to be Lieutenant-General, the warning
prophesy which we may quote as peculiarly appro-
priate now: "You are now Washington's legiti-
mate successor, and occupy a position of almost
dangerous elevation; but, if you can continue as
heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest and un-
pretending, you will enjoy through life the respect
and love of friends, and the homage of millions of
human beings, that will award you a large share in
securing to them and their descendants a govern-
ment of law and stability."

We would hope that this worthy counsel of his
friend to the commander may find its full fruition
in the actions of the President. We trust that there
was a deep inner meaning, as well as fine political
tact and generous sentiment, in the words with
which General Grant closed his brief acceptance
of his first nomination for the Presidency, and that
generations of American citizens yet unborn may
identify his name with the most noble aspiration
a successful soldier could utter, "LET US HAVE
PEACE."

In Germany, when the vote of the jury stands
six against six, the prisoner is acquitted. A vote
of seven against five leaves the decision to the court,
and by a vote of eight against four the prisoner is
convicted.

TARANTULA OF CALAVERAS; THE WAR-HORSE OF THE HILLS.

A STORY OF THE SENATORIAL CONTEST OF
JONES OF NEVADA.

JUST previous to the Senatorial contest which resulted in his election, Hon. J. P. Jones had the following funny adventure in Virginia City with a man who came to him to hire himself out as a "fighter":

Mr. Jones and several friends were in one of the first-class saloons sipping their wine, smoking, and chatting, when a rather strange-looking customer entered the place, and sauntering up to the group, began the operation of "eying over" the gentlemen composing it.

He was a man of middle age and medium height, with arms disproportionately long, great spreading hands and knotty fingers. His angular, ungainly form was poorly and scantily clad, and he was topped out with a very curious little bullet head, set upon a very short allowance of neck. From the sides of his little, round head stood leaning out two great, pulpy ears, and all that appeared on his face in the way of beard was a jet-black stubbed mustache. This seemed to have been planted a hair at a time with a pegging-awl and hammer, the latter coming down on the defenseless nose as each bristle was inserted, and so intimidating that organ that it had ever since remained crouched out of sight behind the hairy stockade. A large livid scar described a semicircle round one of his projecting cheek-bones, and passing down, entered the corner of his mouth, giving to the features an ugly upward hitch on that side. Wabbling his little, glittering gray eye over the party before him until said orbs rested upon the rotund form and rosy face of Mr. Jones, he pulled off the hirsute tenpin-ball which he would have called his head a scrap of hat, and making an awkward bow, said:

"J. P. Jones, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," said Jones.

"Correct," sentimentally observed the strange visitor.

"Do you want to see me?" said Jones.

"About three minutes, and in private, if you please."

Mr. Jones led the way to a large private room in the rear of the saloon.

"Mr. Jones, sir, you don't know me," said the fellow, "but when you lived in old Tuolumne I war also in that part of Calaveras—in the adjinin' county, Mr. Jones. I'm the 'Tarantler of Calaveras'; I'm a war-hoss from the hills and a fighter from—"

"I don't dispute your word, sir," said J. P., "but how does your being 'war-hoss of the hills' concern me?"

"I'm here to tell you. Here, now, you are goin' into this here contest, and it's liable to be a very lively one. About election day it'll be all fired hot. Now what you'll need will be a good fighter; a feller to stand up, knock down and drag out for you; a man what can go to the polls and knock down right an' left—wade through everything!"

Mr. Jones said he had not thought it would be necessary to have such a man at the polls on election day.

"Oh, but it will!" cried the man of muscle. "You see, you don't know about them things. I'll manage it all for you."

"So you want me to hire you as my fighter?"

"Jesse so!"

"What would be your price from now till after the election? You see, as I've never yet had occasion to hire a fighter, I don't know much about the value of such service."

"Well, I couldn't undertake the job short of \$1,000; there'll be lots of work to do."

"Ain't that pretty high?"

"Of course it's a considerable sum, but that's a terrible rough set over here. These Washoe fellows are more on the cut and shoot than is healthy. You see \$1,000 is no money at all when you calculate the risk. I'm liable to be chopped all to pieces, riddled with bullets, and either killed out and out or crippled for life. You see \$1,000 is no money at all."

"Well, come to look at it in that light, I don't know but your price is reasonable enough."

"Cheap! of course it is, I rather like your style, or I wouldn't undertake the job at that figger. Come—is it a bargain? Am I your man at the figger named?"

"Well, not so fast. If I am to have a fighter, I want the best that is to be had. I don't want a fellow that will be kicked and cuffed about town by every bummer. I am able to pay for a first-class fighter, and I won't have anything else."

"Ain't I a fighter?" rolling his eyes fiercely, and thrusting first his right, then his left straight out from the shoulder, ducking his head comically about, and poising himself on one foot; "will anybody kick and cuff me—me, the war-hoss of the hills, the Tarantler of the Calaveras? Not much."

"Have you ever whipped anybody?"

"Ever whipped anybody? Me—have I ever whipped anybody? You make me laugh. Next you will be asking if I was ever whipped! Show me your man—show me your men—for I ain't particular about 'em coming one at a time. Bring 'em on, and I'll whip all that can stand in this room in one minute by the clock!"

"Well," said J. P., "I think you'll do; but as I said before, I want the best man in the country. My fighter must be a regular fighting-striker. Now I have another man in my eye. He is something of a fighter, has a graveyard of his own, of considerable size. It lies between the pair of you. The best man is the man for my money."

"D—n your man! Bring him on. D—n me, I'll devour him! Show him to the Tarantler!"

"Remain here two minutes and I'll bring him in."

Now, before coming into the room with the fellow, Mr. Jones had observed James N. Carter—commonly known on the Pacific Coast as Big Jim Carter—sauntering about the saloon. As is well known to everybody in Virginia City, and pretty generally throughout the towns and cities of Nevada and California, Jim Carter is a powerfully built man, standing over six feet six inches in his stockings; a man who is "on the shoulder," and is at home with either knife or pistol, as more than one grave can testify. Calling to Carter, Mr. Jones briefly made known the situation, and invited him in to interview the "war-hoss of the hills."

This was as good a thing as Carter wanted, and into the room they went.

"Here," said Jones, as they entered the room, "is the other man. Nobody will disturb you here, and after all is over the best man is the man for my coin."

Jim waltzed into the room with his hat standing on two hairs, and a wicked smile playing upon his features. Said he:

"Is this the blessed infant that has come to eat me up? Is this the Calaveras skunk that has come over here to set himself up as 'chief'? Move back the chairs."

With this, Carter began to wriggle from side to side in the effort to "skunk" himself of the long-tailed black coat he always wore, and in so doing he displayed on one side that famous old white-

handled sixteen-inch bowie-knife, his constant companion, and on the other side the butt of a navy revolver.

"So this is the lop-eared cur of Calaveras who comes here to set up as a fighter? Move the chairs to the wall!" cried Carter, still wriggling at his coat.

"Mr. Jones," cried the mighty devourer of men—"Mr. Jones, this man is a friend of yours. I can't fight any friend of yours. With any friend of yours I am a lamb; I could not harm a hair of his head!"

"No friend at all. He is a fighter like yourself. Besides, what has friendship got to do with a transaction involving \$1,000? I want the best man I can find. If you whip this fellow, I hire you as my fighter. That's all there is about it."

"That's fair and business-like, you skunk!" cried Carter. "Feel yourself and just wait out here!"

"Mr. Jones," said the "war-hoss of the hills," in a mild, conciliatory tone, "I am satisfied that this man is a friend of yours. You might insult me and banter me and tear me all to pieces, but against a friend of yours I'd never lift a hand. Now, your friend is of the right stripe; I like his looks. That's no use of two good men a fightin' for nothing, so I'll tell you what you'd best do. You give him \$500 and me \$500, an' we'll work together. The two of us could chew up the town—we'd be a terror to it."

"No," said Jones, "you won't do. You ain't game; you—"

"He's a dunghill!" chipped in Carter.

"I can't fight in a room," said the fellow; "I have never yet had a fight in a room. I don't like it."

"I guess you are not stuck after it anywhere," said Carter.

"It is rather close to fight in a room," said Jones. Then turning to the fellow, whose eyes were still wandering in the direction of Carter's coat-tails, he handed him a \$20 gold piece, saying, "Take this. I hire you for my open-air fighter. You are never to fight for me except in the open air, and where there is a good chance for you to run."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said the fellow, pocketing the coin and making for the door. "Thank you, and if I ever see a show to put in a lick for you, I'll not forget to do it."

"Provided you have a chance to run," sneered Carter.

Turning, as he was passing out of the door, the fellow said:

"It's all very nice, Mr. Jones; but that is either Big Jim Carter or the devil, and you can't ring him in on me."

THE PERSECUTED DOG.

THE most persecuted animal in the metropolis at this season of the year is the dog. The muzzle panic has been raging in New York since the ordinance requiring all dogs to be muzzled came in force on the 11th of June. A reward of fifty cents each was offered for dogs brought to the pound without muzzles; consequently bootblacks, beggars and disreputable boys began hunting down the poor animals wherever they could be found. If they were muzzled, pincers and dexterous hands quickly removed the screens, and hundreds of people were robbed of their pets. A city dog leads a hard life. Often a crowd of dissolute boys torment the most peaceable animal until he tries to escape. Others follow, throwing sticks and stones. The rabble increases, and, tired and frightened, he begins to foam at his mouth, when the cry "mad dog!" is heard, and women and children flee for their lives. Finally a policeman comes to the rescue with a revolver, and bravely shoots the exhausted animal, as seen in our illustration.

DRESSMAKING IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.

LAST Fall Miss Isabella Cummings opened sewing classes in the Boston public schools. The first lessons were given in the Winthrop School, on Tremont Street. Two hours a week were devoted to each class. The children brought their work from their homes, and it was found, notwithstanding the time taken from their regular studies, their lessons were recited better than before. This week we give an illustration of the school in session. By the aid of diagrams on the blackboard the pupils are taught the elementary principles of cutting, and in a few months are able to make garments with surprising facility.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE REVIEW BEFORE THE CZAR.—Among the other interesting sights witnessed by the Czar during his recent visit in England, was the grand review, at Aldershot, of the Royal Horse Artillery, as shown in our illustration.

ANNIVERSARY IN HOLLAND.—The recent anniversary of the accession of King William III. to the throne in Holland was celebrated by unusual festivities through the kingdom. We give an illustration of the scene on the occasion of the King and Queen's visit to Amsterdam.

STREET SCENE IN CALCUTTA.—Our picture of a native shop in Bazaar Street, in Calcutta, is in strange contrast with an American street market. Each passer-by is entreated to purchase rice, or a handkerchief, or some ivory, with the eagerness that characterizes a Bovey clothing-dealer.

BATTERY DEL DIENTE.—The newspapers have been filled with accounts of the defenses around Bilbao, the scene of the civil war in Spain where Don Carlos and the Republicans have so long been striving for the mastery. We give an illustration of the Battery Del Diente, near Bilbao.

WOMEN IN SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS.—Americans always read with surprise the accounts given by travelers in Germany of the scenes in the rural districts where women till the soil, dig trenches and carry burdens, and even drag loaded carts over the common roads. It seems by one of our Spanish pictures that the same is true of Spain. In the intrenchments around Bilbao women are seen digging and carrying earth like ordinary male laborers.

SPANISH MARINE BATTERY.—The highest ingenuity of the Spanish engineers has been displayed in the defense of the city of Bilbao. We give a sketch of a marine battery on the River Nervion, which conveys an idea of the modes of warfare practiced by the defenders.

ENTRANCE INTO BILBAO.—Our picture of the entrance of the liberating army into Bilbao gives a panoramic view of the scene on that eventful occasion. After a long siege and much suffering, the day of release came, and the victorious rescuers marched into the city.

THE JEWS IN PALESTINE are in need of immediate relief, the famine having reduced them to absolute dependence upon outside aid for the means of existence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE jury in the case of Alfred Speer, of Paterson, N. J., charged with manslaughter, have rendered a verdict of acquittal. Fish were never more abundant off the coast of Long Island. Among the counterfeit plates recently seized by Detective Whitley in Cincinnati was one to print \$10 notes upon, which is regarded at the Treasury Department as good in every particular as the genuine plate. The French vineyards, except those of Lower Burgundy, have not suffered from frost. The New York Central Railroad Company has leased a large tract of land at the junction of Sixtieth Street and the Hudson River, New York, upon which they will erect extensive docks, tracks and other conveniences, together with a grain elevator capable of handling 1,250,000 bushels of grain. A hill composed almost entirely of pure sulphur, with only fifteen per cent. of impurities, has been discovered 900 miles west of Omaha. The introduction of this sulphur into commerce will break the Sicilian monopoly, which for centuries has been a flourishing source of revenue to that island. A Swedish college is to be built at St. Peter, Minn. The Minnesota Granges are said to control 20,000 votes. Sheboygan, Wis., is becoming an important grain centre. The Western Union Telegraph Company declared a dividend of two per cent. The strike of the bricklayers and laborers proved a failure. The cable steamer *Faraday* arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., last week, having successfully laid the new cable from Halifax. Services commemorative of the life and character of Charles Sumner were held in Boston under the direction of a legislative committee. Much damage was done by the recent storm in various places. The suffering in Louisiana is unabated. The New York Chamber of Commerce, after listening to Sherburne B. Eaton and Jackson S. Schultz, appointed a committee to urge the Senate to repeal the Moity laws. Daily stages are now running between Truckee and Lake Tahoe, Col. Caterpillars are the terror of Utah orchardists. The Columbia River threatens an overflow. The Sacramento River is still rising slowly—22 feet now.

FOREIGN.

A MUTINY occurred on board the ship *Neptune* when she was leaving her dock at Liverpool on Tuesday. Several men were wounded, and fifteen of the mutineers were arrested. The Pope deprecates any demonstration of sympathy with the Pilgrims from America by the American and English Catholics in Rome. M. Chevreau has been nominated by the Bonapartists as candidate for the French Assembly from Lyons. The French Left has begun a vigorous pamphlet warfare against the Bonapartists. In the British House of Commons the Government Bill in regard to the time of closing the public-houses has been adopted. Mr. Disraeli has promised to introduce some important measures into Parliament. The American Pilgrims have made a public procession to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. Five hundred Intransigents have been taken from Oran back to Spain. The owners of the Durham (England) collieries are evicting a large number of their tenants who were among the striking miners. The Pope is sick again. Three hundred mounted police are to be sent from Toronto to Manitoba. The people of Great Britain have contributed \$530,000 towards the Bengal Famine Relief Fund, of which \$400,000 have already been sent to India. An average of three suicides per day occur in Paris. The Grand Trunk Railroad authorities have decided to change the line to narrow gauge east of Montreal in September. It will then be of uniform gauge throughout, and correspond with its American connections. According to the latest reports from the famine districts of India, 1,342,000 persons are employed on the relief works, 200,000 receiving charitable relief, and 450,000 supported by advances or sales of grain. Piece-work is gradually enforced for able-bodied persons. "White coal" is the latest Australian discovery. It consists of felled cabbage fibres, like peat, which contain interspersed between them fine grains of sand. It is easily combustible, and burns with a bright flame. The white coal covers large tracts, requiring no mining, and is said to be already used to a large extent for fuel. Lake Neuchâtel has been stocked with one hundred and fifty thousand young trout. The Emperor of China has commanded a collection of Chinese poems from the earliest times to be made. The collection will be published in two hundred volumes. The emperor possesses a library of more than 400,000 volumes. Rabbits have become so scarce in Denmark that an agent of the Government of that country is now in France on a mission to purchase 50,000 to repopulate the Danish isles with these animals. One dealer in Paris has already sold 6,000. Fourteen thousand Jews are threatened with starvation in Palestine. The price of food has risen to three times the former standard. The Jewish population has already disposed of every available article of value in exchange for provisions. Contributions are solicited by the editor of the *New York Jewish Times*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

WESTON has been engaged to walk in London and Paris this Fall. He is now walking in Philadelphia.

LUCCA offered to sing in St. Paul two nights for \$3,000, but St. Paul rejected her.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY will pass a portion of the Summer at the Oceanic, Isles of Shoals.

FECHTER and MISS LIZZIE PRICE are playing a four weeks' engagement in San Francisco.

MRS. ADRIAN PATTI pays Mr. Strakosch 30,000 francs a year forfeit for postponing her American engagement.

NILSSON, Antonette Sterling and Stanley appeared at the annual benefit concert of Sims Reeves in London.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Barney Williams are engaged for the next season at Booth's Theatre.

SALVINI's performances at Booth's Theatre last week were attended by fine, but not large, audiences. His acting gave great satisfaction.

MONSIEUR SHEERAR, the new French tenor, has been offered an unusually large salary to sing in Dr. Tyn's Church of the Holy Trinity, in New York.

MRS. IMOGENE BROWN, well known in New York, sang at Drury Lane Theatre recently, under the name of Orelli. She appeared in "La Traviata," and once only.

DURING the performance of "I Puritani" at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Jenny Lind, who was a spectator, went behind the curtain and warmly thanked Mlle. Emma Albani for the gratification her singing afforded her.

MR. A. R. SAMUELS, who made a large fortune as proprietor of the largest billiard-hall in the country, and was bankrupted by running a Brooklyn Theatre, has been tendered a benefit.

THE "flag feat" performed recently at a Chicago theatre by a woman, consisted of her leaping from the gallery to the stage, while enveloped in a bag, and catching by her feet on a trapeze.

THE Kiraly Brothers, now in Paris, have bought the costumes, scenic effects, etc., of "Les Sept Châteaux du Diable," a Parisian *féerie*, with the intention of producing it in New York in the Fall.

PROVISIONS OF CIVIL RIGHTS.

A SAPIENT-LOOKING Fayetteville (Ga.) darkey, oscillating between twenty and twenty-five Summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the Civil Rights Bill. Young Africa imparted to Old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly, according to the *Fayetteville Express*:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Sumner's Swivel Rights Bill has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmur."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jesse so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we colored pussons is gwine to see whose pervisions is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de percussions ob de seats whenever we dam please."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jesse so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to stop at de hotels, and eat at de head ob de table, and hab de biggest slices ob de chickens, and lay around in de parlor, and spit on de carpets, and make de white trash hustle themselves and wait on us widout grumblin', and whenever de boss ob de concern shoves a bill at us, we'll hab him sent to Washington and obscured in de plenipotentiary."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jesse so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools, and set up on de flatiron wid de teacher and learn geohography, triggermenometry, gehominy, Latin, Dutch, French, Choctaw, algebray, rheumatics, and de rule ob thrice."

"Good God! is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jesse so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to be buried in italic coffins wid looking-glasses on top ob dem, and dey will hab to carry us on a hearse to de graberyard and bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day ob resurrection am arrived and de Angel Gabriel come tootin' along, he'll sing out troo his trumpet: 'All you colored gemmen rise first!' And say, Uncle Billy, de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"What's dat you say 'bout pervisions, Josiar?"

"Well, Uncle Billy, as I was gwine on to state, de pervisions ob dat Bill—"

"Stop right dar, Josiar. You say dar's pervisions in dat Bill?"

"Jesse so, Uncle; de pervisions ob de Bill—"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. Ef dar's pervisions in dat Bill, I want a sack ob flour dis berry minnit. Dam de smokin' in de ladies' car, and de geohography, and Latin, and de italic coffins! I want de pervisions, Josiar. Dey's all dar is in de Bill wuf a dam cent!"

TRANSPORTATION OF CROPS OF GRAIN.

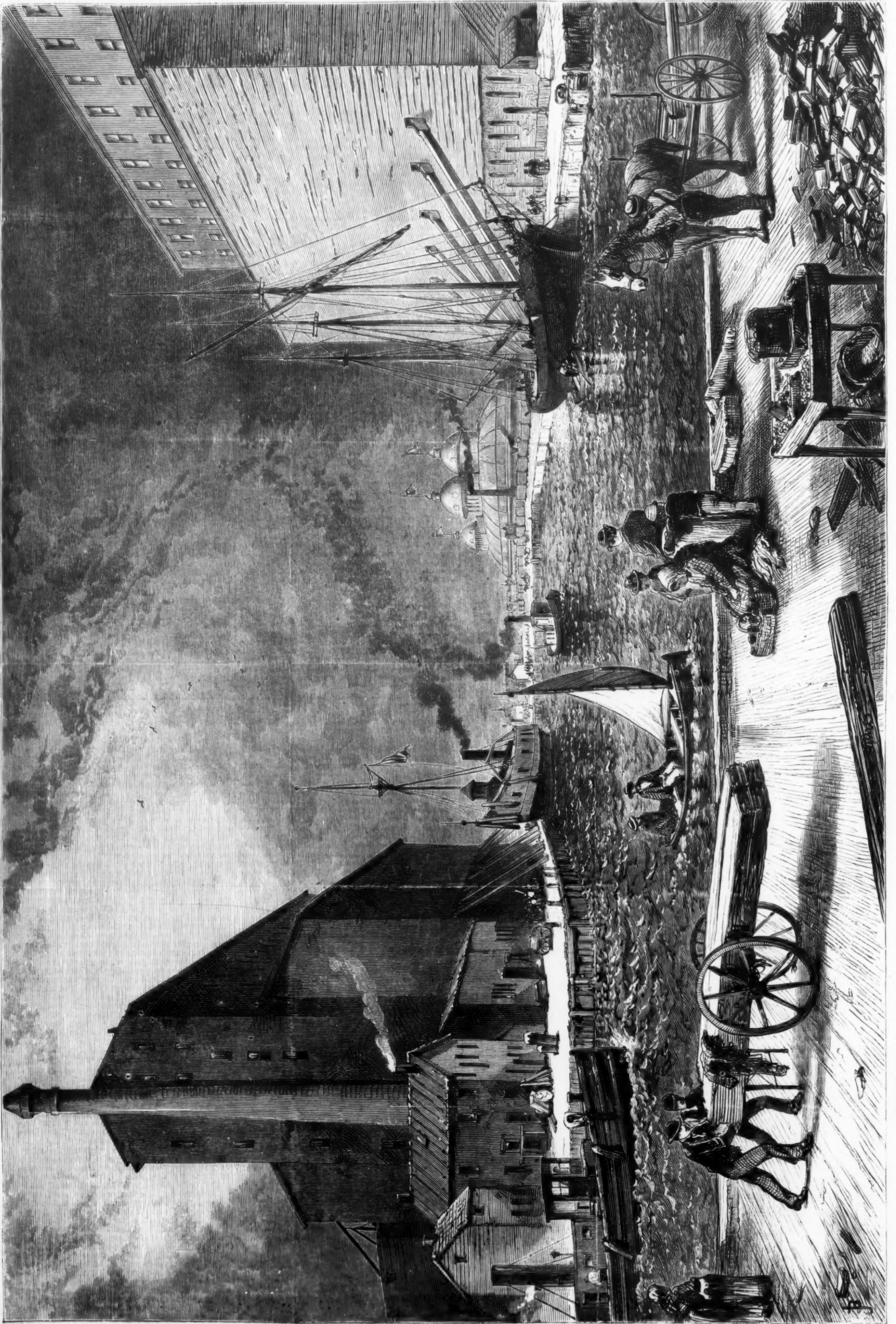
LAST year we had the pleasure of presenting to our readers a series of illustrations of the cultivation of the cotton-plant, and of the modes in which this great staple of our country is prepared for market, and conveyed to customers. In this Number we give the first of a series of illustration of the methods by which the crops of cereals, such as wheat, Indian corn, oats and rye, are carried from the Western States, where the great bulk is grown, to the consumers and purchasers for export on the seaboard.

In a recent issue, our editorial columns contained a sketch of the financial operations by which the crops of grain were moved, and what we have now to deal with are the mechanical appliances brought into play to supplement and aid the first steps in the process of transportation. If, while perusing these lines, it were possible for our readers to take a bird's-eye view of the great West, they would see on all the lines of railway, both branch and main lines, which converge towards Chicago and Milwaukee, immense trains of covered cars rolling day and night with ceaseless activity to these points. These cars are filled with grain, and hold each from 350 to 500 bushels.

On arriving at their destination, the first operation is the inspection of the grain, which is done by sworn inspectors appointed by the State or by a Chamber of Commerce. For the convenience of illustration, we may here confine ourselves to the wheat crop, premising that, *multis in multis*, what we write of one kind of grain will apply to all. According, then, to its grade, be it No. 1, 2, 3, or rejected, the wheat is taken into the elevators, which is the modern name for warehouses to which are attached ingenious contrivances for receiving, weighing and delivering grain by steam machinery. These elevators in Chicago alone are calculated to hold 12,000,000 bushels of grain, and during last year there were passed through them the enormous quantity of 80,000,000 bushels of grain of all kinds. The grain thus inspected is taken into the warehouse, and the inspector issues his certificate of so much wheat of such a class received. For the facility of business, all the wheat of each class is put together. No particular lot of wheat can be identified after once entering the elevators. It passes into and becomes part of an enormous mass of wheat of the same class, and the owner of it, when he wishes to sell, sells not his own wheat, but the warehouse receipt for so much wheat of such and such a grade. We may remark, in passing, that these receipts, which pass from hand to hand like so much stock in the Stock Exchange, afford great facilities for speculation, to the injury of legitimate business, and it is estimated that in active seasons double and treble the amount of all the wheat in the United States is bought and sold in Chicago.

But the wheat in the elevators being wanted for consumption, the buyer chartered vessels to carry it to some Eastern port—Buffalo, Erie, Oswego or Montreal, as the case may be. Our first illustration shows the Lake craft being laden by the "spouts" of the elevators; and as these spouts can discharge 2,000 to 3,000 bushels an hour, it is evident that the loading of vessels is a very rapid process, even though carrying, as some of the Lake vessels do, 70,000 to 80,000 bushels.

From the Lakes there are, what may be called, three exits, or channels, by which the seaboard is reached. The first is by the Canadian canals to Montreal. By this route, the vessels that load at the Lake ports go direct to Montreal without transshipping their cargoes, the canals being made, by a wise expenditure of the public moneys, wide enough and deep enough to accommodate craft of a far larger burden than can float in our Erie Canals. Unfortunately, the proper enlargement of our canals is a political question, and as such, other considerations than the prosperity and dignity of our State enter into it. Let us indulge the hope that, before it is too late, the sovereign people may awaken to their true interests and insist that an outlet for American cereals shall be made through American territory, at least equal in capacity to that which a foreign nation finds its interest to offer. The second route is by Buffalo or Oswego, and thence by our State canals. Into these canals the Lake craft cannot enter, and the grain must be transferred from the Lake vessels



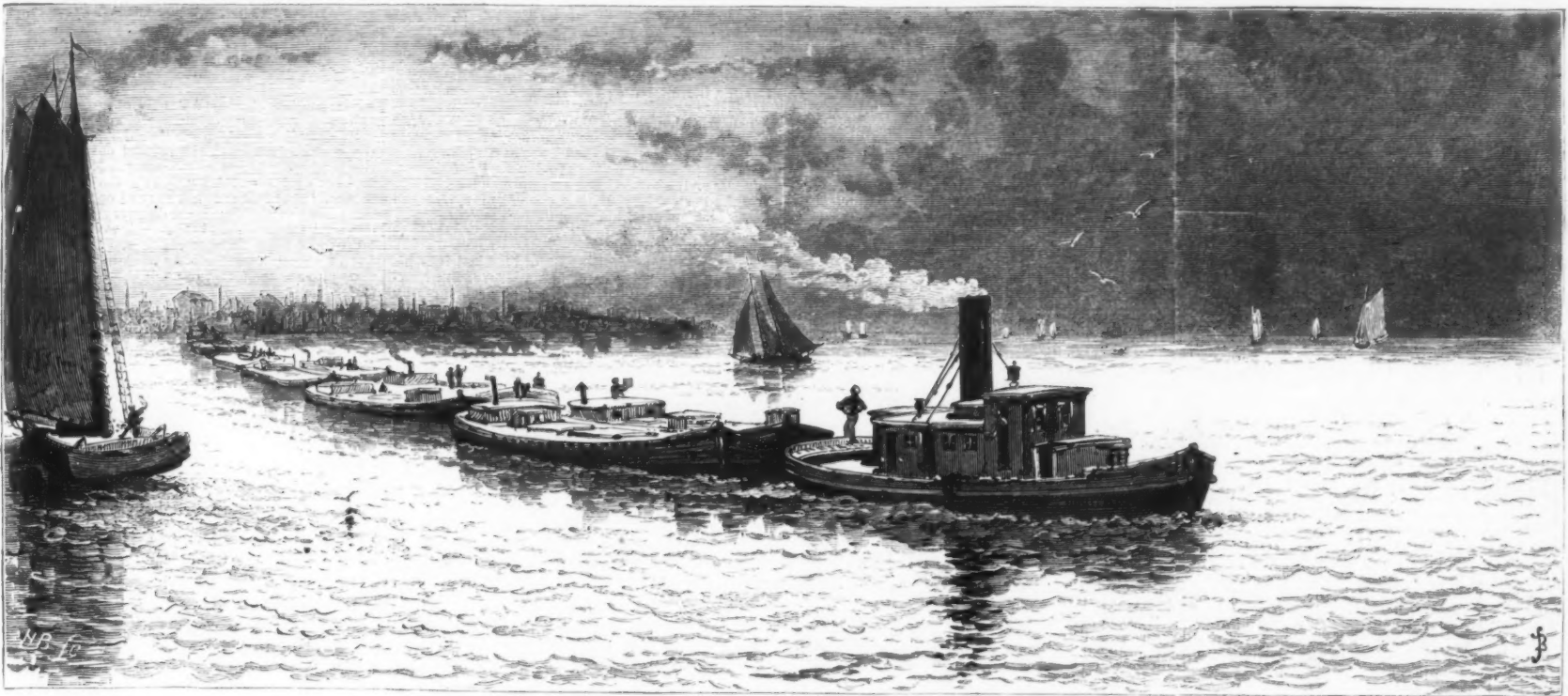
TRANSPORTING GRAIN FROM THE WEST TO THE ATLANTIC—PROPELLERS AND SAILING VESSELS LOADING AT THE ELEVATORS AT CHICAGO. SKETCHED BY J. B. BEALE.

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GRAIN-VESSELS LEAVING CHICAGO—THE TOW ENTERING THE LAKE.—SKETCHED BY J. B. BEALE.

(Continued from page 247.)
into canalboats, which is done by means of elevators at those ports, a process involving expense and loss of time.

ON THE CANAL.

We give a sketch of these canal-boats wending their weary way from Buffalo and Troy, and if our space permitted, or if the subject did not belong rather to romance than the matter in hand, we could give sketches of a "Canal-ier's" life which would open up to our readers an entirely new phase of life and manners.

At Troy these canal-boats enter the Hudson River, and are thence towed by steamers to this port.

The third route is one which is only developing, but which promises to be a formidable competitor to the canals, and that is by



FROM THE LAKES TO THE HUDSON.—A GRAIN-BOT ON THE ERIE CANAL.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.

the Lake craft discharging their cargoes at Erie or Buffalo, to be transported thence by railroad to the seaboard. Already large quantities of grain are brought by this route, and it is that by which Philadelphia and Baltimore sustain their competition with New York as grain-exporting ports. Those ports have terminal facilities as yet lacking in New York—such as warehouses for the reception and delivery of grain erected at the termini of the railways. At present in New York the grain, on arriving, must be discharged into lighters, and conveyed to various points in the harbor, involving serious delays and expenses; and although a way is being earnestly sought for reconciling the conflicting interests of the forwarders and receivers, none has yet been found.



FROM THE CANAL TO NEW YORK.—A TOW OF GRAIN-BOTS ON THE HUDSON BOUND FOR NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.

TRANSPORTING GRAIN FROM THE WEST TO THE ATLANTIC.

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die;
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that sacred deep?
Alas, not I!

Why do the violets spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toll—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song:
"Endure—and—die!"

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Calais boat, the *Princess Maud*, went out of Dover Harbor in what the sailors called a "capful of wind." "A good rousing blow," such of the passengers as were not afraid of sea-sickness designated it; and they staid up on deck all through the quick crossing, and braced themselves in the teeth of the strong nor'-wester which was sending them at such cheering speed across the chopping Channel.

Amongst those independent passengers who declined the shelter of the stuffy cabins and preferred to pace the deck, regardless of the dashing spray which now and again flung itself full in their faces and washed, hissing and seething, under their feet, were two little groups of gentlemen who chose separate sections of the narrow deck for their pacing-ground, and held themselves so studiously apart from any accidental contact that the intention was sufficiently obvious to the most casual observer.

It would have been difficult, though, even with the help of this slight hint, for any looker-on to guess at the true relations of these two parties of men—almost impossible to associate the careless, lounging figure leaning indolently against the deck-cabin, and smoking as assiduously as if the success of the voyage depended upon the number of cigars he could consume in the meantime, with the stern, savage vengeance he was nursing even as he knocked the ashes carelessly off the end of his cigar, and smiled in his companion's face.

"The moon peers like a witch out of her black hood of cloud yonder," said he. "I'm not given to fancies, but I hate the moon; there's something uncanny about her, pale and cold and secret as she is."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"I've been glad enough of her light on a long night's march," said he; "I shouldn't like to be ungrateful; and we are not likely to see much of her to-night. Strathgyle," he added, presently, glancing over to where a fair, earnest young face was uplifted in the struggling moonlight, "is this absolutely irreconcilable? Can nothing be done or said to save its going any further?"

"Nothing," returned Strathgyle, abruptly, as he lighted another cigar.

And Major Trevor looked over again at the tall figure on the other side, and wondered and regretted, and repeated to himself a Spanish proverb on the origin and rise of all mischief, in the short pithy question, "Where is the woman?"

"It's a pity, too," he soliloquized, as he walked over to the bulwark and looked gravely down at the foaming waves—"such a lad as he looks!"

On the other hand, Captain Tracy was watching his man anxiously.

"He's holding out so far," said he to the regimental surgeon who accompanied him; "but those fresh-complexioned fellows are deucedly apt to be sea-sick, and nothing unsteady the hand like that sort of thing. Isn't there anything you can give him—chloral, or some such stuff?"

"He seems all right," answered the other, quietly; "better leave him alone. I say, Tracy, I don't half like the business—a young fellow like that!"

"Can hold his own, I promise you," answered the captain. "The Daisy is a crack shot—about the best in the regiment."

The surgeon said no more, but he hated the whole thing none the less, and made up his mind that this should be his last experience of the kind if he could help it.

As David paced slowly backwards and forwards apart, with the salt wind buffeting his cheek, and the stormy waves battering the sides of the little steamer as if they would force an entrance, his thoughts were far away.

He seemed to be holding a sort of solemn memorial service, in which all those who were dear to him took their part. His father and Vyvyan, and that one whom he scarcely named in his heart, over whom his thoughts hovered with an ineffable tenderness—the gracious friend who had made so much of his life during the last two years; the old servants Morgan and Mrs. Phillips, the very dogs, almost every stone of the Gray House, every stretch of waving wood, every foot of purple mountain, came back to him with almost startling distinctness.

And then he found himself going back all through his youth to his very childhood, recalling incidents which had long since faded from his memory, seeing scenes again which he had forgotten, repenting anew of faults long since forgiven. All his life seemed to lie before him—that happy, innocent young life—strangely clear and vivid, seen through a calm stillness, like the pebbles and shells which lie at the bottom of some transparent, motionless water.

"Here we are—just running into harbor!" The voice of Tracy broke through his dream or vision, he was not quite clear which. "Englefield here recommends the *Hôtel Dessin*. Confound these Custom House fellows! They're prying into everything. But they'll not make much out of me!" The captain tapped his breast-pocket pocket significantly, and saw the *douanier's* fingers rummage his small portmanteau with undisturbed equanimity.

"Now, at last, we're clear. A carriage? Certainly. Where's your fellow, Caergwyn? Oh, there he is; tell him to keep close. *Hôtel Dessin*? Stay. I'll give the major a hint—the other side had better choose different quarters—less suspicious in the morning. That's all right. They're going to the *Hôtel de Flandres*. You'd better turn in, Caergwyn, and get a nap. I'll take care to call you in good time."

"Thanks," returned David—"I shall not go to bed."

"But you must!" cried his friend, in dismay.

"My dear fellow, nothing is so bad as a sleepless night—hand-shaky in the morning, you know."

David did not argue the point.

"Come to me at nine o'clock," said he to his servant, as he took out his writing materials and dismissed the man—he was a Caergwyn volunteer, nephew to Mrs. Phillips—to his own quarters for the night. "We shall probably return to Dover to-morrow by the boat at twelve o'clock."

How strange these directions sounded to himself—how unreal! He looked in Jones's face as he gave them, almost expecting the man to discredit him. Then he sat down to his desk and wrote a long farewell to Vyvyan, another to his father, a few words of explanation to Doctor Milsom, and drew up a list of such small bequests and remembrances as he had to distribute—making all these arrangements composedly, and yet with a solemn earnestness, as if he had been on his deathbed. And the last two hours of the short night he spent as a man should spend what he believes may be the last brief span of time between himself and eternity.

He was standing at the open window, drinking in the sweet breath of the early Spring morning, when Tracy knocked at the door.

"Up and dressed? That's right," said he, cheerfully, as David turned to him with his grave smile. "I've ordered you a cup of their strong black coffee, with what they call a something *forte*—I can't speak French, but it means a dash of brandy—and the same for myself; it's a raw morning, and we'll need something to keep the cold out. Are you ready?"

"Stop a moment," interposed David, lifting the packet of letters from the table. "If I—I go against me, Tracy, will you see that this is placed in my brother's hands? Jones is one of our people from Caergwyn; he will be a safe and willing messenger."

"All right, old fellow," nodded the captain. "I'll see to it, if there should be any necessity. Not that I apprehend any such ending to the little affair; but it is well to be prepared for any contingency."

"Shake hands, Tracy," said David; and thank you for all your kindness."

"Tut, tut, my boy!" stammered the captain; and for his manhood's sake abruptly led the way down-stairs.

"We'll pick up our carriage outside the town," said he, as, after swallowing his "prescription," in company with Doctor Englefield, the three made their way out into the narrow streets of the little town. "We made a bargain with a fellow last night—Englefield knows the place—and he was to be looking out for us."

And accordingly, about a quarter of a mile beyond the last stony street, they came upon one of those shabby, lumbering vehicles which do duty for cabs in French country towns.

The driver was asleep upon the box, with the bright beams of the morning sun-shining full upon his swarthy, weather-beaten face; but he jumped down at Tracy's Hibernian hail, and opened the door of the carriage, bowing, smiling, and gesticulating after the manner of his nation.

Just as the party were seated, another carriage of the same genus drove past, and Tracy caught sight of Major Trevor's erect military head at the near window.

"There they are! We are in good time," he said. They pulled up at a little wayside *cabaret*, where Tracy conspicuously displayed a large field-glass, which he carried slung across his shoulder.

"Tell the fellow to get his breakfast and wait for us here," said he to Englefield, who, having walked the Paris hospitals, acted as interpreter; and, I say, can't you throw in an observation to the effect that we are English engineers, interested in some plan for throwing a bridge over the Channel, or boring a tunnel under it—or something?"

"Might excite curiosity," answered Englefield, shortly. "Better leave them to conclude that we are eccentric islanders, who cannot exist for four-and-twenty hours without a sight of our favorite element, the sea. A good deal will pass current if charged upon our national peculiarities, you know."

"Very well—just as you please," assented Tracy, adjusting his glass with grave deliberation in the faces of the landlord and the obsequious coachman.

"Now, which way?"

"Over here, towards the sea. There is a hollow here, where the hills meet, which, I take it, will be as quiet a spot as we can find. See, there are our friends waiting for us; we had better take the lead!" It was barely six o'clock. The stormy wind of the previous night had blown away every cloud from the face of the heavens, and the sun was mounting clear and bright above the glittering expanse of water which lay to their right as they ascended the barren, undulating hill; yet David shivered in the warm sunshine, and drew his thick overcoat about him, as he walked silently abreast of his two companions.

Tracy chattered and plumed himself like a restless sparrow, as was his way under excitement, and Englefield answered him in curt monosyllables.

"Here we are," he announced, after ten minutes' walk, halting in the sheltered hollow of which he had spoken.

"Yes, this will do," decided Tracy, glancing round. "Here comes the major; I will consult him first."

The two parties saluted each other with grave courtesy, and the preliminary arrangements went on. Tracy subsided into as much of ceremonious dignity as he could assume in response to Major Trevor's calm soldierly bearing. Even at that moment, David, with the inconspicuous seizing on trifles which harasses the most solemn moments of our life, could not help noting the contrast, and likening the one officer to an active little terrier dog, and the other to a grave, dignified mastiff.

Strathgyle seated himself upon an earth-mound, and looked on, with his usual imperturbable indifference, at the preparations of the two seconds.

David bared his head once to the risen sun, drew a deep breath of the fresh sweet air—which seemed to wait to him, across the glittering water-way, the fragrant breath of the Spring woods of dear Caergwyn—and then he stood, erect and composed, waiting for the signal.

How strange and unreal it all seemed! He could almost fancy that it was happening to somebody else, and he looked on a spectator—it scarcely seemed to touch him. He had read it all in a book—it was a scene in a theatre. There were the seconds measuring out the ground; there was the doctor, looking ominously grave and troubled; there was all around the great empty, silent stretch of bare hill, with its background of shining, sparkling water. It was like a dream.

Then the scene shifted. Major Trevor walked up to his principal and conferred with him for a minute. Tracy came towards David, and the young man was awake and alert again.

"Stop a minute," said the captain, turning back; "we'll make a last attempt at a pacific arrangement."

The major met him half way.

"My chief," said he, "considers himself injured beyond the reach of reparation. The circumstances—"

"If you please," broke in David, "the quarrel is for hasty words spoken between us—that is all."

"I see," returned the major, bowing; and Tracy darted a look of reproach at his principal for this breach of the etiquette of the occasion.

Then Strathgyle lifted himself up slowly from his seat and stood in the place indicated by the major, and for the first time looked his opponent in the face.

The sun shone upon the young fellow's golden locks, and glorified them into a sort of aureole about his head as he looked back at his enemy, his innocent, fearless young gaze touched with sweet solemnity. It was just such an expression as Strathgyle had seen in the countenance of a pictured angel, and it moved him in spite of himself.

"He is too young to die yet," thought he, with sudden compunction.

But at that moment David put his hand into his breast-pocket, probably for his handkerchief; however, instead of the handkerchief, he drew forth by mistake a lady's scarf of bright tawny. He stooped, as it fluttered from his hold to his feet, and replaced it in his bosom with characteristic simplicity.

But the flutter of that lady's scarf was to Strathgyle like the murderous signal of a bandit chief. He set his teeth hard as he held out his hand to Major Trevor for the pistol, and his eye clouded with a dull shadow of ferocity.

"Let him take his chance," he muttered, "as I shall take mine."

"One—two—three!" tolled out like a knell the deep, sonorous boom of Major Trevor's tones.

The sharp "ping, ping" of the double pistol-shots rang through the morning air, and the spectators held their breath. The smoke cleared away, and showed the two figures standing erect and motionless, still facing each other.

"All right, by jingo!" cried the irrepressible Tracy, under his breath. "It's the double charge of powder that spoils the aim!"

But, before the words were well out of his mouth, David's tall figure swayed uncertainly and fell forward with a dull, heavy thud prone upon the greenward. And only Major Trevor had seen that the young man had fired his own pistol harmlessly in the air.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SHOT through the chest! It's all over with the gallant lad! My lord, for heaven's sake get away over the frontier into Belgium—train starts in forty minutes!" exclaimed Tracy, rising from his knees and looking at his watch. "I made all inquiries last night."

Strathgyle stood gazing stolidly down upon the senseless form of David, with what a horror of late remorse no one save himself ever knew.

Major Trevor took him by the arm.

"We had better go," said he—"we can do no good here, I fear."

The surgeon looked up.

"Hush," cautioned he—"he is reviving."

David opened his eyes.

"How is it?" he asked, steadily but faintly, of the doctor.

"I can hardly tell yet," answered Englefield, dropping his tell-tale eyes.

"I see," said the wounded man. "Tracy, send Jones to my brother, to Caergwyn. Tell him he must not alarm my father; he must see Vyvyan first and alone."

"He ought not to speak—he is wasting his strength," the surgeon interposed.

"His brother?" repeated Lord Strathgyle, wondering.

"Yes, his brother," whispered Tracy—"his elder brother."

This, then, was not the heir of whom Lady Strathgyle had written! The truth flashed upon Strathgyle, and he reeled with the shock. He remembered at that instant what had slipped from his mind as if it had never entered it, that his cousin Elaine had once spoken to him of two sons of Sir Owen Caergwyn.

The whole complication, even to the "Hamptden" letters, unraveled itself before him; he cursed himself for a fool, and his heart smote him with a horrible Cain-like pain. What he had called his righteous vengeance was, after all, a foul murder!

"Where is Lord Strathgyle?" asked David.

"Tell him not to mind—it is the fortune of war."

Strathgyle dropped down on the grass beside him.

"Give me your hand, Caergwyn," said he. "I am sorry—more sorry than I have ever been in my life—for this."

David smiled as he returned the pressure of Lord Strathgyle's fingers.

"It was—not your fault," he gasped; "it was a mistake. Go, take care of yourself." And then the surgeon interposed again.

"He must not speak; he must keep still," said he, "as he moistened the young fellow's lips with brandy."

"I shall not go; I shall stay by him," said Strathgyle, in answer to Major Trevor's reiterated entreaties. And then they all stood round, anxiously awaiting the result of the surgeon's examination.

"I cannot find the ball," explained he, presently, raising his flushed face. "Everything depends upon that. But the bleeding is not excessive; he might hold up whilst we get him back across the water again."

"Boat goes at ten," put in Tracy, who had made his calculations for all contingencies.

David heard.

"I can do it," said he; "only let me lie still for a few minutes longer."

"An hour and a half longer, if that will do," returned Tracy, cheerfully; "there is no hurry."

The doctor signed to them for quiet, and the other three men drew apart and arranged their plans. It was impossible to refuse to Lord Strathgyle's deep concern the opportunity of such reparation as might yet lie in his power; and when it came to the test, his careful, almost womanly tenderness of handling proved so much more acceptable to the patient than Tracy's bustling, fitful ministrations, that Englefield was only too glad to accept him as his assistant.

The bleeding was stanchd at last, and the necessary bandaging accomplished, after much time and trouble, to spare the strength of the patient, and then Major Trevor and Captain Tracy walked off together to bring up the carriage from the little inn.

"It's always the way, queer as it is," remarked the captain, as soon as they were out of hearing of the group behind them. "A man thirsts for another's blood; and, as soon as he sees it, he'd give his own to put it back again. It seems to let out the venom, from whichever side it flows."

"Your friend is a noble young fellow," said the major. "I deeply regret the affair."

"If he gets over it—" began Tracy; and then he added abruptly, "But then the next thing to be thought about is how to get safe out of the hole. I expect it will take all we can do to accomplish it—those Frenchmen are so confoundedly sharp and prying. Here comes that cheerful, ragged fellow of a coachman, to begin with."

The major's French was about equal to Tracy's

own; but the ingenious captain went through a pantomime, expressive of a casualty in the shape of a sprained ankle, and the quick-witted Frenchman caught the suggestion, and nodded his understanding of the accident, and his ready concern thereat. This smoothed the way for David's being borne, almost helplessly, into the rickety vehicle, and accounted for the almost walking-pace at which Englefield desired the man to proceed to the quay.

"Our luck's good so far," said Tracy, as he and the major followed in the second cabriolet; "but the getting on board is the thing. Nine o'clock," looking at his watch; "there's the hotel bill to pay, and that fellow Jones to send on the boat, and the permit to get. We must do everything *en règle*; it would be death and destruction to be stopped for one of their little formalities. I doubt if the doctor's French tongue is an advantage; my ignorance gives a good deal of trouble, and they're glad to let me pass, to get rid of me. I think, if you don't mind, major, we had better part company, and go on board as strangers—as we landed, in fact. Our party is too large altogether—looks horribly like what it is."

The major assented, with a bow. Then came the crisis. The captain waited until the time was just up, and rugged brown hands were already upon the gangway. Then he brought up his party.

"Hold on," cried he, "for a minute!"

David, fortified by the doctor's cordials, and upheld by the strong arms of Strathgyle on one side and Englefield on the other, staggered, pale as death, from the carriage, down the few slippery steps, and on the steamer's deck.

"The gentleman is ill," explained Englefield, quietly, in French, as the *gendarme* on duty glanced keenly over the party, with a half-remembrance of having seen the same faces lately, enough to make him suspicious.

"Fever—dangerous!" shouted Tracy, following closely on the footsteps of the rest, in the man's ear. "Englefield, what's the French for die?"—"Mourir." "Going home to England to *mourir*, you know," with violent gesticulations in the direction of David, now safely on deck.

The man shrunk back, and handled gingerly, with the tips of his fingers, the "permit" which Tracy proffered him.

"Sad case—very bad fever," repeated Tracy, still at the top of his voice, and shaking his head lugubrously as he sprang at one leap down the already moving gangway.

The crowd on deck made way and the cabin cleared like magic before the ghastly presence of poor David—the man whose friend had so loudly proclaimed him to be suffering from—probably infectious—fever; and Doctor Englefield blessed Tracy in his heart for the *ruse* that procured him an easy couch and a quiet resting-place for his patient.

"That's well over," congratulated Tracy, stumbling over Major Trevor, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "We're off, safe enough. Hullo—what's all that?"

The boat had already turned round, with her head to the harbor entrance, and was steaming slowly out. But on the quay they had just quitted the little crowd which had witnessed their departure swelled rapidly, and was evidently violently agitated. Tracy, through his glass, could see his late coachman surrounded by an excited, gesticulating audience, and foremost among them was the heated, excited master of the little *cabaret* at which the cabriolet had put up.

"By all the saints," muttered Tracy, "we're not out of the wood yet!"

Even as he spoke half a dozen *gendarmes* extricated themselves from the throng and ran along the pier, making frantic signs to the captain of the steamer.

This last was a sturdy, red-faced John Bull, and he was, as it happened at the moment, considerably out of temper.

"Stop! *Retournez* indeed!" he remarked, with sundry strong comments of his own. "Not if I know it—and I half an hour behind my time as it is! If they've anything to say, they may say it when I come back to-morrow morning. Do they think I'm going to turn back just for a twopenny parcel forgot, or something of that sort? Yes, they may screech and tear their hair. I know 'em! One 'ud think I'd got a red handed murderer at the very least!"

At that moment the boat shot clear of the pier out into the open, and Tracy, heaving a profound sigh of relief, turned into the deck-cabin.

How softly this haughty lord could speak! Strathgyle was bending over David, moistening his parched lips and modulating his voice to those strangely harmonious tones which broke over the young man's wandering senses like a soothing melody. Tracy stood amazed.

"He is not half a bad fellow, after all," he decided. "If the Daisy comes round again, I don't mind if I shake hands with him."

"Thank heaven!" breathed Englefield, as the boat touched the English shore once more, and David opened his eyes.

"Jones?" said he, dreamily. "Has he gone to Caergwyn?"

"Just off," answered Tracy.

"The packet!" murmured David. "It will be time enough for that when Vyvyan comes."

"I have it here, safe," said Tracy.

"Jones can take a message or a note; I will write," David muttered, trying to raise himself.

But Lord Strathgyle put him gently back.

"I will write to your brother," he said.

And so it happened that the first time Vyvyan came to learn the name of the man who had been his unknown mortal enemy for months past was when he read it signed to the confession that David was lying dangerously wounded by his hand at the young ensign's quarters in Dover Castle.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE stormy wind had sobbed itself to sleep, like a passionate child, after its night's outbreak, and the morning lay bright and sparkling over Caergwyn. The glittering sunshine seemed but a mockery to Vyvyan, for whom the shadowy spectres of the night had substantiated themselves into a dreadful reality of misfortune. David dying—perhaps even now dead—was indeed a ghastly justification of old Morgan's forebodings, and Vyvyan was even tempted to believe in his own troubled night-visions.

Who was this Strathgyle who so frankly accused himself? Jones knew nothing, save that his master was ill—very ill—of fever, the captain called it. He had been taken ill in France—poisoned perhaps by French cookery—Jones didn't think much of their dishes himself—and the gentlemen had brought Mr. David back, and Jones thought he looked "awful bad."

This report spread dismay and consternation through the house, and brought Doctor Milsom up from his rectory betimes. Even from him Vyvyan kept his own counsel. He would not run the risk of what might be a fatal shock of alarm to Sir Owen. Strathgyle's note gave but little explanation.

tion, and Vyvan, with the prudent habit of his character, could, even in the first horror of the news, see the necessity of mastering all the details of the strange, utterly incomprehensible affair before letting the real truth be known.

That David, with his easy, sunny temper, should have been drawn into any disreputable quarrel seemed in the last degree improbable; and yet the words of Strathgyle's announcement precluded any interpretation of accident. What could it mean?

(To be continued.)

THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.

SCARCELY more interest is excited by laying an ocean cable than by building a Pacific Railroad. The third cable is now laying between New Hampshire and Ireland. The new cable steamship *Faraday* has just laid this end of the cable, lying between Portsmouth, N. H., and Halifax, Nova Scotia, and she will at once begin laying the wire from Ireland this way. She was constructed especially for laying submarine telegraph cables, and is the second largest ship in the world. She was built at Newcastle-on Tyne, and launched last February. This is her first trial trip. She is 360 feet long by 52 feet beam, and 38 feet deep, and registers 5,000 tons, though capable of squeezing in 1,000 tons more. That she may go forward and back with equal facility, she is, in marine phrase, a "double-ender," with a rudder at either end, and another in the centre. A screw at each end furnishes the propelling power, and each screw has a separate set of engines.

We give an illustration of the *Faraday's* steam launch, used in towing barges for laying the shore-end of the cable on coasts which large ships are unable to approach. The little vessel is built of teak, in two thicknesses, to withstand a considerable sea. She is 33 feet in length, 4 feet 6 inches in depth, with 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 3 feet draught. She has a pair of high-pressure engines, with cylinders of twenty-five indicated horse-power. Her speed is nine miles an hour. She has a three-bladed gun-metal screw, and is capable of towing a barge loaded with fifty tons of cable. The engines are arranged for driving other machinery besides the screw propeller. A powerful derrick projects from her bows, for grappling and hoisting up the cable. She is fitted with convenient water-tanks and coal-bunkers, and is able to run out at sea 180 miles per day of twenty-four hours on a consumption of 15 cwt. of coals.

The deep sea cable is very strong and light, weighing only three tons to the mile, while the shore ends are very large and heavy, being 2½ inches in diameter, and weighing 18 tons to the mile. There are also two other intermediate sizes.

THE SARATOGA REGATTA—LADIES' PRIZES.

AT a conference meeting of the Regatta Committee of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, and a committee of the Saratoga Rowing Association, recently held in Saratoga, the latter, on behalf of the ladies of Saratoga, tendered a first and second prize for the contestants in the single-scutt race, to take place on the 15th of July. The offer was accepted, and the prizes placed in the hands of the College Regatta Committee for award. We give illustrations of them.

The first prize is composed of a gold pendant on a white corded silk ribbon, suspended from a gold clasp by a tackle in a block. The pendant is a blue enameled ribbon, containing the words "Inter-Collegiate, Saratoga, July 15th, 1874," in gold relief. In this ribbon is a laurel wreath surrounding a diamond, fastening a pair of oars. The clasp is formed of a pen, book and bunch of water-plants, with a scroll of gold and an inscription in blue enamel, "Ladies' Prize, Single Sculls."

The clasp of the second prize consists of a single scull, crossed by a pen, and the two united by the words, "Ladies' Prize, Single Sculls." Attached to the clasp by two gold chains is the badge proper. The border is a laurel wreath, surmounted by a student's lamp. The centre of the pendant is blue, containing in gold a book, two stars, and the words, "Saratoga, July 15th, 1874." A scroll is pinned to the outer edges of the wreath, on which is the inscription, in blue enamel, "Inter-Collegiate Regatta."

THE GETTYSBURG GUN.

CONGRESS recently voted this famous gun to the custody of the State of Rhode Island. It was used in the shelling of Fredericksburg, near the tomb of Martha Washington; in the battle of St. Marye's Heights, and at Gettysburg, where it comprised one of the battery of six guns in action upon the 2d of July, 1863, and was, with four other guns, captured upon that day by the rebels, and afterwards recaptured by the Second Corps and drawn off the field by hand. On the 3d of July it was one of a battery of four guns posted in a semicircle, and supported by Webb's Brigade of the Second Corps. At about two o'clock P. M. the rebels opened a terrific fire from one hundred and fifty guns along their line, and at almost the first charge a shell struck gunner No. 2, Alfred Gardner, while in the act of placing a shot in the muzzle of the piece, taking off his left shoulder and arm, struck the left face of the muzzle, transfixing the shot already there, and exploded, taking off the head of No. 1 gunner, William Jones, who was at his post to the right, and outside of the high wheel. Sergeant Albert Streight, in charge of the gun, witnessing the loss of his two gunners, seized an ax, sprang to the muzzle of the piece, and endeavored to drive the shot into the gun, but finding it impossible, the gun was abandoned, afterwards condemned and sent to Washington, where efforts were made to withdraw the shot, all of which proving futile, the gun was placed upon exhibition not only as a relic but as a rare curiosity, as the shot protrudes about half its length from the muzzle of the piece. We give an illustration of the gun.

SALE OF MR. SUMNER'S PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE personal effects of the late Charles Sumner which had not been disposed of by will were sold in Boston, on Wednesday, June 10th. The property chiefly embraced household ware, dinner and tea services, curiosities, etc., including beads and cross from Gethsemane, a piece of the oak of Tasso and relics from the Kremlin. It was put up in 209 lots, and the sale continued for more than four hours. There were many ladies among the buyers, and they bid eagerly. The sales reached the neighborhood of \$5,000. Wendell Phillips paid \$18 for a Chinese sugar-bowl. Frank Bird bought an old Roman lamp with the original inscription, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," to which Mr. Sumner had added, "of all colors," for \$95. A silver plate, inlaid with pearl and very

rare, brought \$100; and a pebble from the Beach of Demosthenes, \$3. We give an illustration of the scene at the auction-rooms.

TROTTING AT PROSPECT PARK.

THE race, which we illustrate, between the two horses, Judge Fullerton and Goldsmith Maid, for \$2,500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, took place at the Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Long Island, on Monday, June 8th. The track was in good order and the attendance large. In the first heat Goldsmith Maid did not seem to settle into her customary gait, and Judge Fullerton won it by a length and a half, in the capital time of 2:19. In the second heat the mare fell into her steady stride, and trotting in fine style, won the heat by two lengths, in 2:18½. In the third heat, before which the current betting was \$150 to \$25 on the Maid, Ben Mace was behind Judge Fullerton; but in his hands the horse broke badly, and was beaten by six lengths, in 2:28. The fourth heat was more closely contested, but Goldsmith Maid won it nicely by half a length, and was awarded the race and money. Time, 2:21½.

LUCCA'S BOOTS.

WHEN Pauline Lucca, the great prima donna, was in Chicago last year, unconsciously she captured the heart of a wealthy, baldheaded old pork-merchant, who lives on Calumet Avenue, not far from Twenty-second Street. The dealer in swine is a Benedict, and the father of a large family, among whom are several daughters blooming into womanhood. He was, therefore, discreet, and smothered the illicit flame which was reducing his internal economy to cracklings, so to speak. He vainly supposed he had won a victory, and that the unholy passion for the sweet vocalist had departed from his bosom for ever. Deluded man! The announcement of the appearance of the renowned singer at Hooley's recently caused the smoldering embers of his Plutonic passion to burst forth anew and quite overcome him.

After her arrival in this city he danced constant attendance upon the divine but unimpressible singer. He neglected his business and hung around the hotel where she sojourned. He vainly sought interviews, and expended considerable of his patrimony for flowers, which he lavished upon his still unsuspecting inamorata. Huge bouquets were constructed by his order, resembling in size and shape a sugar-cured ham, which were lugged forward during performances and placed upon the stage. Still he sighed in vain. He became desperate, and resolved to obtain some souvenir of his adored but unapproachable beauty.

In the second act of "Mignon," Lucca appears as a page, wearing the most brigandish little boots in the world, the tops of the tiny mud slingers just reaching the knee.

Old Chawbacon suddenly determined to get possession of one of these charming little boots. He obtained a stealthy interview with one of the scene-shifters, and deposited \$100 in his honest palm. The coveted piece of wardrobe was spirited from the Diva's dressing-room, and delivered to the sausage-dealer, who now wears it next his heart. The scene-shifter got drunk after the performance. Men in their cups are giving to babbling. That's the way the story got out.

AUSTRALIA has recently disclosed a new treasure to the geologist and miner. This is white coal. It consists of felted vegetable fibres, like peat, which contain interspersed between them fine grains of sand. This white coal covers large tracts, requires no mining, and is used in large quantities as fuel. It is easily combustible, and burns with a bright flame.

AS FOR the comparative longevity of drinkers and non-drinkers, the English life insurance actuary, whose business it was not to be mistaken in such a calculation, have found that among 1,000 drinkers and 1,000 non-drinkers, taken at random at twenty years of age, the drinkers lived upon an average thirty-five years and six months, and the non-drinkers sixty-four years and two months.

IN San Francisco are 3,000 acres of shifting sand, which are not only worthless, but the cause of great annoyance to the public in their unreclaimed condition. They are on the western or ocean side of the city, and very light breezes are sufficient to drive the sand inland, to the great discomfort of the citizens. The engineer of the Golden Gate Park has shown how these sands can be reclaimed and made of great value. It is found that the yellow lupine will grow luxuriantly in such places, thrusting its roots into the sand, and when once established, in a short time it covers the barren waste with beautiful vegetation. A top soil is then formed, after which grass will grow. The average cost of reclaiming an acre of land at the Golden Gate Park has been from thirty to forty-five dollars.

BOOKS.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY. By MAX ADELER. Philadelphia: "To-Day" Publishing Co. An amusing and illustrated book, altogether American in its subjects, in its author, and its artists.

FETTERED FOR LIFE; OR, LORD AND MASTER. By LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE. New York: Sheldon & Co. The aim of this well-written story seems to be to show the disadvantages and difficulties of unmarried women when endeavoring to obtain an independent livelihood (chiefly arising from prejudices in the other sex), exemplified in the career of an accomplished and well-educated young lady; and hence to establish a plea for the so-called political enfranchisement of women.

THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES. E. STRICKER, compiler and publisher. A carefully arranged list of more than eight thousand newspapers, magazines, etc., published in the United States, with information in brief as to place of publication, language, number and size of pages, price and subject matter.

PROPHETIC VOICES CONCERNING AMERICA. By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: Lee & Shepard. A collection of the sayings of distinguished men, European and American, from the days of Milton to those of Cobden, foretelling the greatness, wealth and power of the American people, some of the sayings being remarkable, and well entitled to be called prophetic.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. By CHORLEY, PLANCHET and YOUNG. Edited by R. H. STODDARD. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A valuable volume of the "Bric-a-Brac" series.

PAPA'S OWN GIRL. By MARIE HOWLAND. John P. Jewett. A novel of the day; written with a view to the greater elevation of women.

TEMPER TOSSED. By THEODORE TILTON. Sheldon & Co. A very curious and admirably written romance.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB APOLOGY. Porter & Corcoran. A book for boys.

CA IRA. A NOVEL. By WILLIAM DUGAN TRANSMELL. U. S. Publishing Company.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY. By "JOSHUA." Lee & Shepard.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE combustion of one pound of coal in one minute is productive of a force equal to the work of three hundred horses during the same time.

AN ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator.

A DISCOVERY of interest to wood-engravers is the fact that plates of polished slate may be used as substitutes for boxwood engraving. These plates will furnish over one hundred thousand impressions without loss of detail, do not warp, and are not affected by oil or water.

NEW FOSSIL MAN.—A third skeleton of a troglodyte has been discovered by M. Riviere in the cave of Mentone. This new skeleton, judging from the various and numerous implements by which it was surrounded, lived at an epoch far more remote than that assigned to the skeletons now in the Museum of Paris. The warlike instruments and objects found with them, though composed of flint and bone, are not polished. They are only sharpened, and by their coarse execution appear to belong to the palæolithic age. On the upper part of the remains were a large number of small shells, each pierced for stringing as a collar or bracelet. No pottery nor any bronze object were found. Our readers may recollect that the first skeleton found in the same neighborhood, on the bank of a railway cutting on the sea margin, appeared to have been crushed by a fall of rock.

EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.—A small glass tube, sufficiently strong to be safely used as a gun, with gunpowder, so as to propel little brass rods through a half-inch board, was shattered into the minutest dust when partly filled with water and a current of electricity discharged through it. A similar result, if obtained by gravity, would have required the pressure of a weight to be measured by many tons on the square inch. This experiment was made to illustrate the effect of lightning upon splitting trees, shattering stones, etc., and Faraday showed some years ago that more electricity was contained in a dewdrop than ever was manifested in a thunderstorm. Many trees and stones are often shivered to fragments by one storm, showing that an equivalent to enormous mechanical or gravitation forces is latent in a part of one of the forces that builds up a drop of water.

DETERIORATION OF COALS.—That coals lose considerably in value by exposure to the weather is well known, but few, probably, are aware of the extent of the damage. Dr. Varentz has ascertained a loss of more than one-third in the weight of a sample of coal exposed for some time to the air, and he states that the quality of the coal had undergone a still greater deterioration. The loss is set down as due to a slow combustion of the volatile elements of the coal, which gradually diminish in amount, whilst the proportion of carbon, ash and sulphur are increased. In some experiments made the gas furnished diminished 45 per cent., and the heating power 47 per cent., in a coal which had been exposed, and the same coal under shelter lost only 25 per cent. as a gas generator, and 10 per cent. as a heat producer. Anthracite, as might be expected, suffers least from exposure to the atmosphere, and the bituminous coals are those which lose most.

THE ALFALFA FEED.—Unlike the many other products that have, from time to time, attracted the attention of California farmers, alfalfa not only fulfills all the expectations that were entertained of it when first introduced to their notice, but even exceeds them. It is quite well demonstrated that it is equally as good a corrective of malaria as either sunflowers or the Australian gum tree. Its productiveness astonishes everybody, and the avidity with which domestic animals feed, and the way they thrive upon it. Hogs feed on all young and tender roots, and as is well known, they prefer alfalfa, even in its advanced stages of growth, to any other vegetation. But we presume no one ever suspected that they would feed upon it in a dry state. Who, in short, ever heard of a hog eating hay? But many farmers have maintained herds of stock hogs during the winter on alfalfa hay. This opens a new and most profitable use for this invaluable product, and makes it certain that no quantity can be produced so great that it cannot be readily converted into money.

TROUT IN AN ARTESIAN WELL.—Mr. Bard, the agent of the California Petroleum Company at San Buenaventura, was lately engaged in constructing a wharf at a point southeast of that place. Wanting water to supply this wharf, he commenced sinking an artesian well on the sea-beach, not five feet from high-water mark. At the depth of 143 feet a strong flow of water was obtained, which spouted forth to the height of 30 feet. It was controlled by a "goose neck," and utilized. One day, while the agent was absent, the men round the well noticed fish in the waste water. On his return they called his attention to the fact, and on examination the well was found to be filled with young trout, thousands of them being thrown out at every jet. These trout were all the same size (about two inches long) and perfectly developed. The eyes were found perfect. Now there is no stream nearer than the Santa Clara River, several miles distant. Could these fish then, it is asked, have come from its headwaters by some subterranean outlet? There are no trout in the lower portions of the stream. The temperature of the water is 64 degrees Fahrenheit.

CHANGES IN THE VEGETATION OF SOUTH AFRICA.—Dr. Shaw has communicated a paper to the Linnæan Society showing the changes which have been caused in the flora of South Africa by the introduction of the merino sheep. He says that the original vegetation of the colony is being in many places destroyed or rapidly deteriorated by overstocking and by the accidental introduction of various weeds. Among the most important of the latter is the *Xanthium spinosum*, introduced from Europe, the achenes of which cling to the wool with such tenacity that it is almost impossible to detach them, and render it almost unsalable. It spreads with such rapidity that in some parts legislative enactments have been passed for its extirpation; and where this is not done, it almost usurps the place of the most useful vegetation. The President (Mr. George Bentham) stated that the *Xanthium* has in the same manner deteriorated the pastures in Queensland; whilst in the south of Europe, where it is equally abundant, it does not appear to cause such injurious results. Though generally distributed through Europe, the plant is probably of Chilian origin.

THE POTATO.—In the report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1870, it is stated that this plant was growing in great abundance in that portion of Northern New Mexico lying between Fort Wingate and Fort Defiance. The Navajo Indians inhabit this section, and the native potato forms one of their chief articles of diet in winter. The women dig the root with whatever implements they can get, often using a strong smooth piece of wood with a wedge-shaped end. The plant grows on low, rich spots, and by spring the earth is torn up in every conceivable direction, in the search for potatoes. The tubers are quite small, one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, of good taste, and somewhat like boiled chestnuts. The Navajo Indians consume so large quantities at one time, as to cause griping pains, and as a remedy take at the same meal a quantity of earthy matter containing magnesia, which relieves the stomach. In 1869 a quantity of these roots was received by the Department of Agriculture from New Mexico, and distributed to various parts of the continent, where some of them have largely increased in size.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BRET HARTE is writing a novel.

JEFF. DAVIS is returning to America.

CALDER CURRING will spend the Summer in Switzerland.

BEN. BUTLER is laying for William Walter Phelps, in Congress.

ANDY JOHNSON will speak at Pembroke, Md., on the 4th of July.

JAMES LICK's California telescope will be the largest in the world.

A. T. STEWART has invested \$250,000 more in Saratoga property.

MR. SPURGEON declines to lecture against the Established Church.

JAY GOULD and DANIEL DREW are to spend the Summer at Long Branch.

H. A. CHITTENDEN, JR., is publishing the *Wisconsin Lumberman*, at Milwaukee.

THE President has ordered a new "drag" for the use of his friends at the Branch.

DR. BELLOWS and MISS PEARODY propose to marry during the last of this month.

THE Misses Cleveland, of Cottage Place, propose to spend the Summer at Saratoga.

It is again rumored in Boston that Benjamin F. Butler is to buy the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MR. THAKORE, of Bhowbugger, India, aged seventeen, recently married four young ladies at once.

PAUL BUTLER, son of General Butler, has been elected President of the Harvard Pi Eta Society.

AMONG the candidates for admission to West Point is one named Sauermilch, from Pennsylvania.

THE Rev. Dr. Dix, who was married the other day, once wrote a powerful book in favor of celibacy.

TWENTY acres of Train's \$5,000,000 lots at Omaha have been sold for taxes. He says Omaha is a fraud.

THE colored people of Kansas City have resolved that negro minstrel shows tend to degrade their race.

THE Hon. Schuyler Colfax is to deliver the oration at the Odd Fellows' anniversary in Elizabeth, N. J., this month.

SECRETARY FISH and family will spend a greater part of the Summer at their country-seat on the Hudson River.

THE father of Jim Fisk is traveling for a Boston house; not to earn a living, but to divert his thoughts from his troubles.

THE Pope received 170,000 letters of congratulation on his eighty-second birthday. Only 12,000 of them were from Italians.

THE Turkish Consul-General at New York leaves the Sultan's employ in disgust, after working seven years without salary.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has contributed \$2,000 to be expended in prizes for walking and running matches at Saratoga, July 17th.

ROCHEFORT proposes to write a book on what he knows of New Caledonia. It will make a nice ornament for the French centre-table.

OLIVE LOGAN is coming to America next month, and in the Fall she proposes to return to the stage with some splendid costumes from Paris.

MISS GREELY will spend the Summer in a convent, so it is understood. The old Greeley residence at Chappaqua will not be opened this season.

AFTER the adjournment of Congress the President will visit his relatives on the Kanawha, and take up his Summer residence at Long Branch about the 4th of July.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeemes Pipe) is giving his Monologue Entertainments in Southern California with the most brilliant success. The papers are enthusiastic in his praise.

It is said that the Prince of Wales is in debt about \$300,000, and wishes his mother to pay it on the ground that the liabilities were incurred in holding levees at which he represented the majesty of England.

A BROTHER of Mr. Gladstone advocates a gigantic water scheme for Liverpool, and desires that it shall go to Scotland for a supply of water. Why not go a little further north, and tap a permanent supply of ice-water?

AND now who is the member of Congress who will stamp himself as the first patriot of the age by introducing a Bill for pensioning the Baxter and Brooks warriors who were wounded during the late revolution in Arkansas?

STOKES, speaking of his divorce, says he married his wife when he was scarcely twenty years old, but she was so intemperate that her society was distasteful. And so the refined soul sought the companionship of Miss Josie Mansfield.

At a recent club reception in New York fully two-thirds of the pictures were contributed by women artists, while at the last Royal Academy exhibition in London about ten per cent. of the pictures were by women, including the most successful painting exhibited.

WHenever there is a change in the Secretaryship of the Treasury, General Spinner always sends in his resignation as Treasurer. He tendered it to Secretary Brewster, and of course it was declined, for no one would think of getting along without the "old watch-dog."

OKAYE HALL is now a busy lawyer in the New York Courts, and is fleshier than he was in the mayor's chair. He devotes his spare hours to Central Park and the theatres, and is seemingly unconcerned about the justification of his course which comes from the dissatisfaction that Mayor Havemeyer gives.

GEORGE SAND is writing a memoir of the young and unfortunate Louis the Seventeenth, chiefly drawn from the personal recollections of her grandmother, Madame Aurere Dupin de Francueil, granddaughter of King Augustus the Second, of Poland, and nearly related to King Charles the Tenth and Louis the Eighteenth.

M. THIERS has ordered a copy of Ghiberti's "Gates of the Florence Baptistery" for his library. He is very fond of the fine arts. Even on the exciting journey he made after the "4th of September" to enlist the sympathies of foreign potentates in behalf of France, he visited the renowned picture-galleries on his route.

A LONDON letter says of the oratorical powers of the English princes: "Every son of Victoria, as soon as he gets towards the beard-growing stage, blooms out as a public speaker; they never are by chance damned by even faint applause. The 'gift of gab' is as fully developed in these princes as in any Yankee schoolboy who spouts 'Norval' or 'Casablanca.'"

A "HERETIC PARTY" composed of Robert Collier, David Swing, Dr. Ryder, E. H. Chapin, O. B. Frothingham, and other prominent clergymen, leave for Colorado on the 8th of July, to visit Estes Park at the foot of Long's Peak, and other regions in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. C. N. Pratt, of Chicago, has charge of the party. Henry Ward Beecher will go if not too busy.



Ice-bowl for the winners of the double-scutt race.

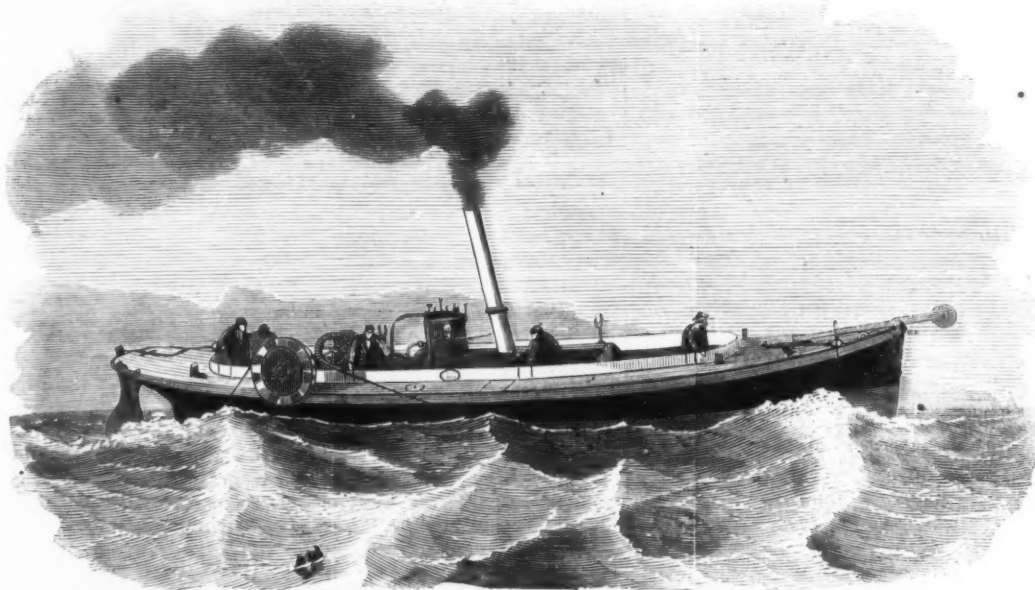
Punch-bowl for the winning crew of the four-oared shell race.

Pitcher to the winners of the pair-oared race.

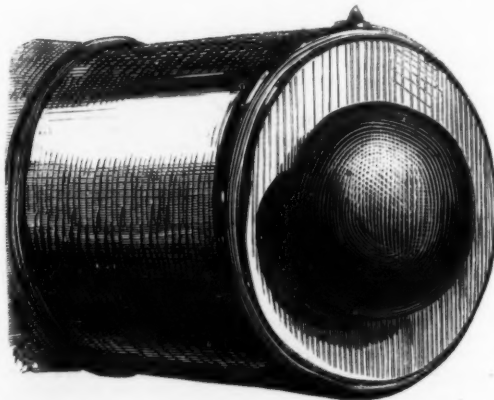
PRIZES TO BE AWARDED TO THE WINNING CREWS OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY—MANUFACTURED BY J. E. CALDWELL & CO., PHILADELPHIA.



HON. LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM MISSISSIPPI.—PHOTO. BY BURGEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE STEAM LAUNCH OF THE CABLE-SHIP "FARADAY."—SEE PAGE 251.



THE GETTYSBURG GUN.—SEE PAGE 251.



FIRST PRIZE TO BE PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF SARATOGA TO THE WINNER OF THE SINGLE SCULL RACE OF JULY 15TH, ON SARATOGA LAKE; MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO.—SEE PAGE 251.

PRIZES AWARDED TO THE WINNERS IN THE SCHUYLKILL YACHT RACE.

WE give illustrations of the prizes to be awarded to the winning crews in the annual regatta of the Schuylkill Navy, held on the 17th and 18th of this month. The first prize, for superiority in propelling four-oared shells, is a solid silver punch bowl, 18 inches in height and 15 in diameter, of satin finish. The bowl rests upon a highly polished stand, with two oxidized silver dolphins clinging to it and extending their tails upward to the bottom of the bowl. The bowl is handsomely engraved on the front side with a racing scene, and on the reverse is engraved an inscription telling how the prize was won, where and by whom. Around the rim of the bowl is an aquatic scene representing a number of dolphins disporting in the water. It is valued at \$600.

The second prize, for the winners of the double-scutt shell race, is a silver ice-bowl, supported by a group of Schuylkill water-plants, resting on a triangular base, on each corner of which stands a rower, leaning on his oar. On the face of the bowl is grouped in relief a shield, bearing the monogram of the Schuylkill Navy, and surrounded by the flags of its different clubs. This prize is valued at \$250. A large silver pitcher, appropriately de-



SECOND PRIZE TO BE PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF SARATOGA FOR THE SINGLE SCULL RACE OF JULY 15TH, ON SARATOGA LAKE; MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO.—SEE PAGE 251.

signed with laurel wreaths, ropes, etc., and bearing on its face a group of flags, similar to that on the ice-bowl, is the prize for the winners of the pair-oared race. Value \$200.

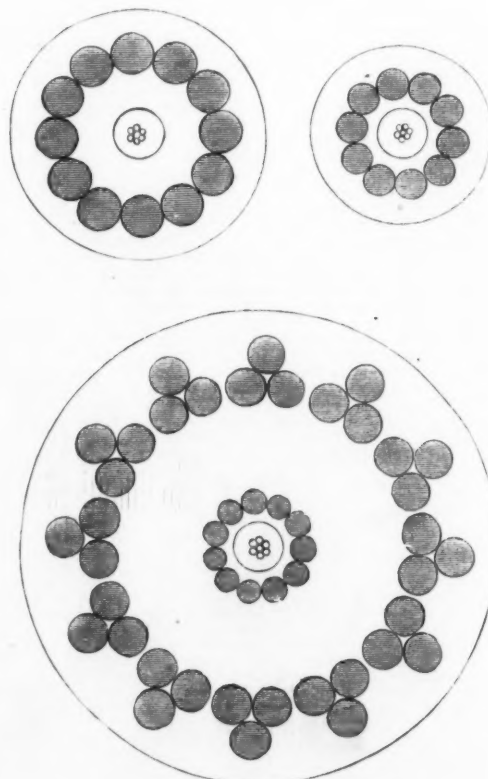
The well-known bronze statue of the "Gladiator" is the prize for single-scutt.

These prizes were originated by a committee of the different clubs comprising the Schuylkill Navy, and manufactured by J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia jewelers.

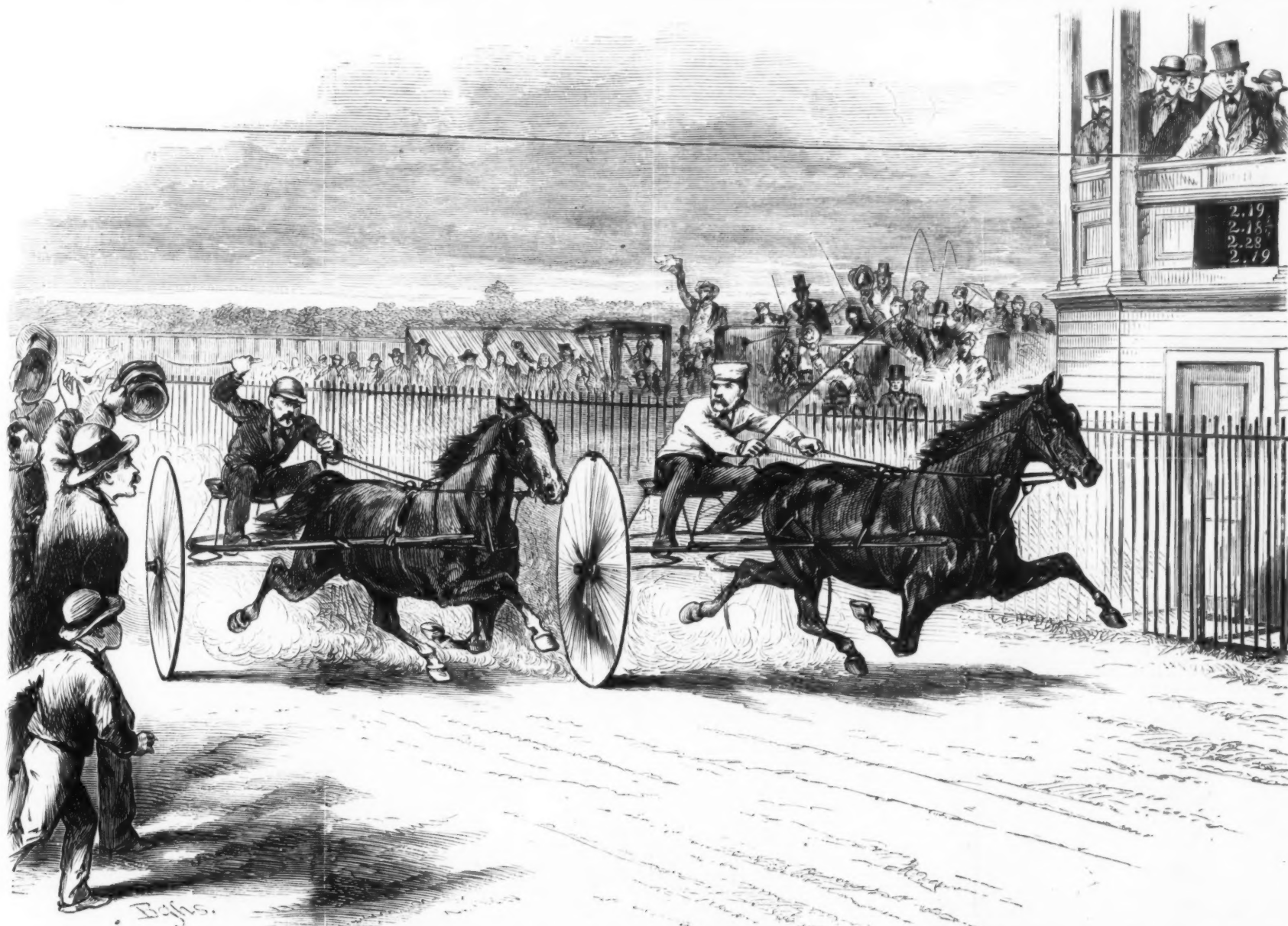
HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR, M. C., OF MISSISSIPPI.

TWO of the most remarkable speeches made in Congress recently were by Mr. Lamar, a representative from Mississippi. His eulogy on Charles Sumner was a masterpiece in its way, and a profound surprise to Northerners, who remembered

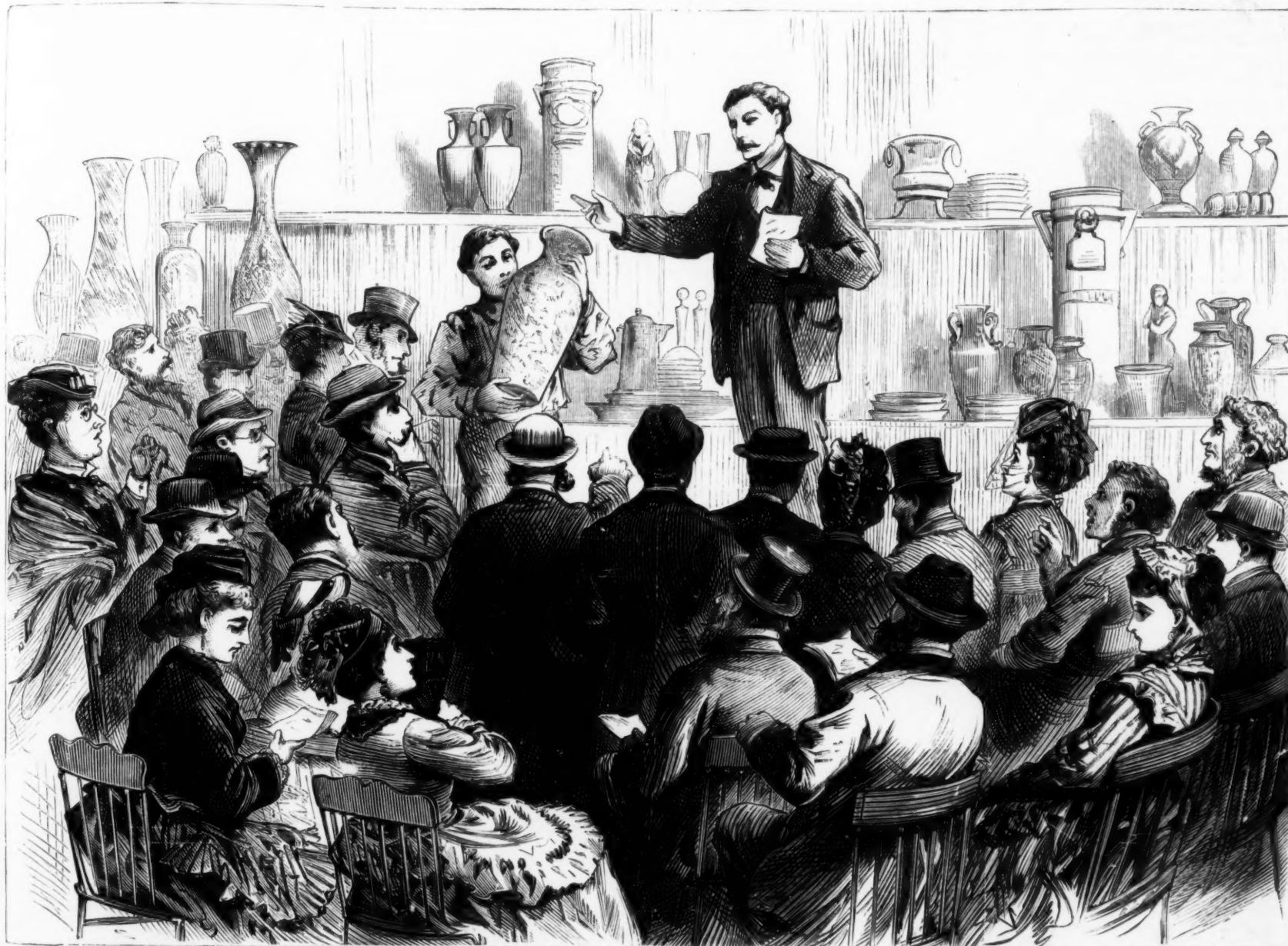
him only as a Confederate officer. But his last speech on the political question in the South excites even more wonder among the Radical Republicans and Conservative Democrats. He is fully entitled to his position as leader of the "White South." He is about forty-eight years old, above middle height, and a good type of the Southern gentleman. He has the large bones and rather loosely knit frame of the limestone region; the dark abundant hair combed back, the square, broad face, refined away from its rugged pioneer prototype, and that long, dark beard and mustache almost peculiar to the old South and West, which leave the sides of the face clean shaven, and add to the characteristic expression of this type—powerful men, full of brain, believing in race and brawn. He generally speaks without notes in a clear voice,



THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.—SEE PAGE 251.



THE TROTTING SEASON AT PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, L. I.—RACE BETWEEN "FULLERTON" AND "GOLDSMITH MAID," MONDAY, JUNE 8TH.—SEE PAGE 251.



AUCTION SALE OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE LATE CHARLES SUMNER, AT BOSTON, MASS.—SKETCHED BY E. B. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 251.

though it is evident that ill health has robbed it of some rich tones.

Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Oxford, was born in Putnam County, Ga., September 17th, 1825; was educated at Oxford, Ga., and graduated at Emory College, Ga., in 1845; studied law at Macon, under the Hon. A. H. Chappell, and was admitted to the bar in 1847; moved to Oxford, Miss., in 1849; was elected adjunct professor of mathematics in the University of the State, and held the position as assistant to Dr. A. T. Bledsoe (editor of the *Southern Review*), which he resigned in 1850, and returned to Covington, Ga., where he resumed the practice of law; was elected to the Legislature of Georgia in 1853; in 1854 moved to his plantation in Lafayette County, Miss., and was elected to the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses of the United States, and resigned in 1860 to take a seat in the Secession Convention of his State; in 1861 entered the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Regiment, and was promoted to the Colonelcy; in 1863 was intrusted by President Davis with an important diplomatic mission to Russia; in 1866 was elected professor of political economy and social science in the University of Mississippi, and in 1867 was transferred to the professorship of law; and was elected to the Forty-third Congress as a Democrat, receiving 9,679 votes against 4,954 votes for R. W. Flournoy, Republican.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A SALLLOW or yellow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face and other parts of body; dullness and drowsiness with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dryness of throat, and internal heat; palpitation; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, bloated or full feeling about stomach; colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat; constipation alternating with diarrhea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of limbs especially at night; cold chills alternating with hot flashes; kidney and urinary difficulties; dullness, low spirits, unsociability and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of above symptoms likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery, for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise.

A CURE OF LIVER DISEASE.

Rusk, Tex., May 10th, 1873.
DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.
DEAR SIR: My wife last year this time was confined to her bed with Chronic Liver Disease. I had one of the best doctors to see her, and he gave her up to die, when I came upon some of your medicine. I bought one bottle and commenced giving it. She then weighed 82 lbs.; now she weighs 140 lbs., and is robust and hearty. She has taken eight bottles in all, so you see I am an advocate for your Medicines. WM. MEAZEL.

FUN.

A DISH for a music-lover—A Patti on a Grist plate.
A GENTLEMAN caught off by kissing a lady's snowy brow.
A Georgia editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a bone."
"He fell dead and expired in two minutes," says a Georgian paper of the death of a negro.
MANY women who are counted honest steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies, and even hook their dresses.
The latest dodge of a San Francisco chiropodist is to exhibit a small boy and announce that he has been successfully removed from a corn.
"PATRICK," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well, I may as well confess to your reverence for the whole stack, for I am going after the balance of it to night."
COLONEL JAMES R. YOUNG has a hen that laid her eggs up in an apple tree, and is now setting on a bare bough in blissful ignorance that her eggs went to grass as fast as she laid 'em.
A MAN who fell into a vat of boiling lard and got out alive, says that it was not an unpleasant sensation after the first moment, but he thought what a mighty queer-shaped doughnut he would make.
A DRUNKEN Chinaman, feeling rich and elated at his progress in American civilization, went through the streets of San Francisco crying, "Hoop-la! hoop-la! Me all same as Melican man. Hair cut short and drunk like hell!"
It is announced as an interesting fact that for \$1,000 a man can buy a ticket that will carry him around the globe. This seems like useless extravagance, when, if he will stand still, the globe itself will carry him around the same distance in twenty-four hours for nothing.

The St. Louis Democrat's growing poem on Spring will be incomplete until the addition of the following lines shall take place:

In the Spring the heads of families squirt with nozzles on the street;
In the Spring the blasted breezes whirl the clippings off their feet.

A CHICAGO poet, upon hearing that Nilsson was about to erect good sheds upon her Peoria lots, has burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim religious light of the fitful kerosene; for the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire-fend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pall!"

THERE was a party given in Dallas, Kan., and this is the way a reporter of that place goes into the toilet business: "Miss X—were a red bombazine dress, ruffled with point alpacas, and an overskirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley-blossoms. Her tournure was particularly noticeable, from the fact that her hair was so delicately scrambled in front. She also wore No. 9 lilac double-button gloves, No. 6 store shoes, slashed at the heels, and Pompadour socks."

A MACON negro philosopher, discussing the relations of the races, said: "You know de turkey, he roost on de fence, and de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off de fence, and he will get up again. You crop his wings, but somehow or 'nudder he's gwine to get back on de fence. Now you put de goose on de fence an' he will fall off; he don't belong dar. De turkey am de white man. He's down now, but is gwine to get up again. De nigger is de goose. He better stay whar he belongs."

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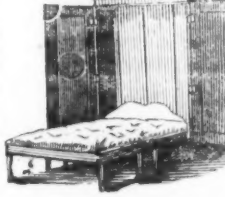
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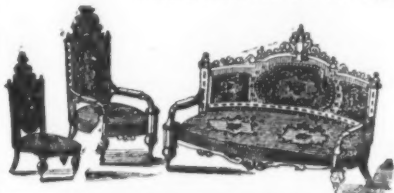
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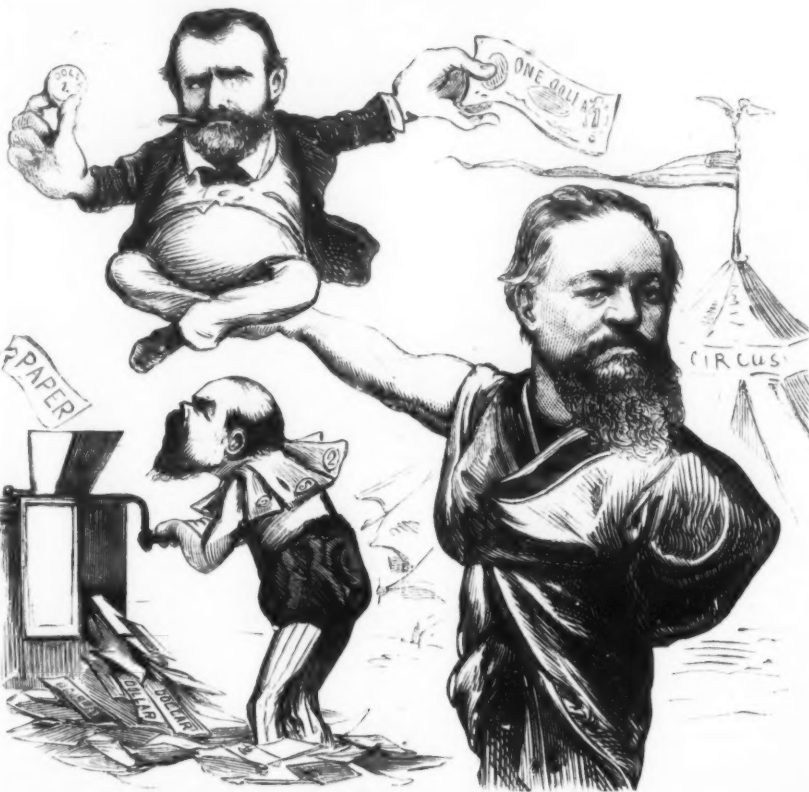
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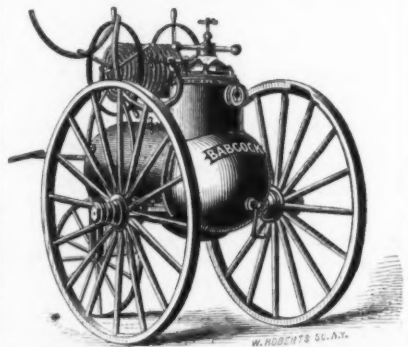
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GROVER & BAKER S. M. Co.....	36,179
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WILSON S. M. Co.....	21,347
HOWE S. M. Co.....	No returns
GOLD MEDAL S. M. Co.....	16,431
WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. Co.....	15,881
AMERICAN B. H., etc.....	14,182
B. P. HOWE S. M. Co.....	13,919
REMINGTON EMPIRE S. M. Co.....	9,183
FLORENCE S. M. Co.....	8,960
DAVIS S. M. Co.....	8,861
VICTOR S. M. Co.....	7,446
BLES S. M. Co.....	3,458
SEOR S. M. Co.....	3,430
ETNA, J. E. BRADY DORF & Co.....	3,081
BARTON & FAYEN.....	1,000
CENTENIAL S. M. Co.....	514
KEYSTONE S. M. Co.....	217

SEWING MACHINE SALES OF 1873.

The table of Sewing Machine Sales for 1873 shows that
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Machines, being a large increase over the sales of the
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The table also shows that our sales exceed those of
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those of any other Company.

It may be further stated that the sales of 1873, as com-
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For instance, in 1872 we sold 45,000 more Machines
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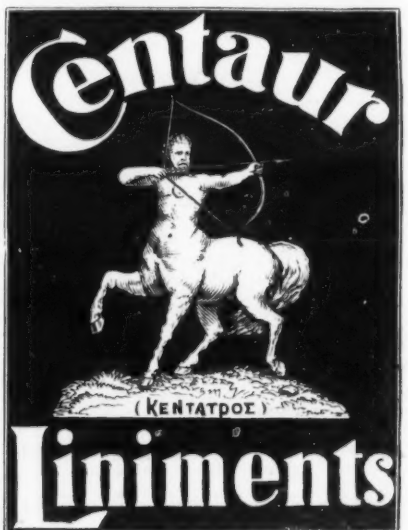
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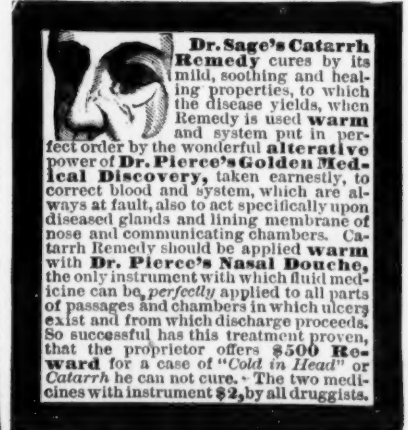
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